The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.
No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The Bookman for June will contain a special illustrated article on Defoe.

On May 4 will appear the eagerly expected memoir in "one volume of moderate size" of Herbert Spencer, by Dr. David Duncan. We understand that the book is based largely upon correspondence.

Two years ago The Bookman reviewed Mr. J. P. Atlay's first volume of "The Victorian Chancellors." Mr. Atlay has now in the press the second volume that begins with Lord St. Leonards, and treats also of Lords Cranworth, Chelmsford, Cairns, Campbell, Westbury, and Selborne. It is stated that the author has had access to material hitherto unpublished in the case of several of the Chancellors.

Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton will include in their forthcoming list of books for children new editions, with coloured illustrations, of Lucas Malet's "Little Peter" and "The Story of Sonny Sahib," by Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan.)

Since the last number of The Bookman went to press we note the death of Mr. J. Fitzgerald Molloy, a popular writer of historical works, dealing with the social side of the periods that he selected. He made his mark a quarter of a century ago with the publication of "Court Life Below Stairs, or London under the Georges," which found a considerable public. That, perhaps, remains his best work, though he has since written many books, including biographies of Peg Woffington, Edmund Kean, Lady Blessington, William IV., and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. At the time of his death he had passed for press the proofs of a new book, "Victoria Regina: her Court and her Subjects, from the Accession to the Death of Prince Consort," which will shortly be published.

Many have heard with regret also of the death of Major Arthur George Frederick Griffiths, who served in the Crimea, and later became Inspector of Prisons. He edited several papers at different times, and wrote numerous books, most of which were concerned with the life of criminals, generally presented in the form of fiction. His last book bore the title "Clubs and Club-Life," and this, though weak in those chapters treating of the history of these institutions, contained admirable accounts of the administration of the clubs of to-day.

The French Senate, by 173 to 98 votes, has passed a vote of 35,000 francs for the purpose of transferring the remains of Emile Zola from their present resting-place to the Pantheon, where they will be re-interred with some show of state.

Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, who has recently been lecturing in England and America on Spanish Literature, is about to issue the lectures, in a revised form, in a volume.

Miss Jane H. Findlater. **Miss Mary Findlater.**
From a portrait by Lady Jane Lindsay.

It is always with pleasure that we read the announcement of a new book by one or both of the Misses Findlater. Their published work holds much that is similar, yet the writing of each sister is distinct in quality. "Crossriggs," which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are publishing, is, like "Tales that are Told," the combined work of the talented sisters; and lovers of that never-to-be-forgotten story, "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," by Miss Jane Helen Findlater, and of that "strong, wise book," "Over the Hills," by Miss Mary Findlater, may count on a volume which is literature as well as fiction.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will shortly issue the Life and Letters of George Bancroft, in two volumes, with portraits. The long life of George Bancroft (1800–1891) almost covered the nineteenth century; and during the greater part of it—as scholar, historian, statesman, and diplomatist—he had a wide personal acquaintance with the great figures among his contemporaries.

We hear that great things are expected of a novel by a new writer, Anthony Partridge, now running serially in the *Daily Chronicle*. In the United States the serial issue has been a great success. The title at present chosen is "The Ghosts of Society," and the story tells of a select company of society men and women who band themselves together to obtain and distribute among deserving charities the wealth of certain millionaires noted for their meanness.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall announce a new book by A. E. Copping, a companion volume to his "Gotty and the Guv'n'r," to be called "Gotty in Furrin' Parts."

It has transpired that "Ouida" left behind her the manuscript of a novel, and this is to appear during the coming season. Will there be a biography of Mdlle. de la Ramée, we wonder. A short memoir by some one who knew her well would be acceptable, but not the formal two-volume biography.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has written a preface to "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," by Mr. W. H. Davies, the Welsh working-man poet. We detect a compliment to the introducer in the title of the book.

"American Shrines in England" is the title of a book by Mr. A. T. Story that will shortly be published, and it will interest English people as much as their trans-Atlantic cousins. It is to be hoped, however, that it is not to be the first of a series of such books. "English Shrines in America" might be acceptable; but, once started, there is no knowing where this might lead us.

We notice with some amusement that a daily newspaper that prides itself upon its literary page,

Mr. W. J. Eccott.
Whose novel, "The Red Neighbour," is reviewed on p. 78.

Raffaelle Simboli. **Signora Eleonora Duse.**
A recent interesting photograph.

announces as one of its attractions " prompt, well-done reviews ! "

A presentation edition of the ever-popular " Mrs. Wiggs," with many coloured illustrations, is in preparation for publication this autumn.

The American publishers who have been visiting this country speak in depressing manner of the immediate outlook for books in the States. They seem to fear that the country will hardly have time to recover from the financial panic before the Presidential election comes to upset business. And yet, in spite of this gloomy foreboding, one hears that they have placed larger orders than ever for British-made books, and certainly they have competed vigorously for the forthcoming works of the more popular British authors. The struggle to secure the autumn book of a certain lady novelist was, if report speaks true, keen in the extreme, and very high terms were paid.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has written a fairy story something after the manner of " Water Babies." He calls the book " The Flint Heart."

The third and concluding volume of the authorised translation of Albert Bielschowsky's " Life of Goethe " will appear in May.

Mr. Sydney Paternoster, the author of " The Blue Motor Car," has written a new novel, which will be published this autumn under the title of " The Hand of the Spoiler."

In view of the recent lawsuit it is interesting to note that a volume of short stories by Mr. S. R. Crockett is to be issued this summer, and his novel " Rose of the Wilderness " in the autumn.

Mr. Hall Caine is publishing his autobiography serially, and we may expect it later in the year in book form. The writer of the preliminary announcement seems to have received the literary mantle of the great man himself. Thus, it is stated that in this work we shall " find the great heart of a man laid bare "—but surely this should read " the heart of a great man " ; we are to be told " of his lowly, lonely early days, and the impressions created in his mind as he looked out across the little world of the Isle of Man with the eyes of a child," and his life's story will be unfolded, even to the mention " of the large and lasting figures in literature and in history with whom he has been on terms of the most intimate friendship." Nothing of importance will be omitted, for in the first few chapters we notice " My First Night Away from Home " and " The Charm of my Grandmother." This causes us to reflect, with a sigh, that it is sixty years since Thackeray wrote of " The Dignity of Literature " !

Some years ago Sir Theodore Martin printed for private circulation a little book on " Queen Victoria as I knew her." The sanction of the King for its publication has been secured, and it will be issued in May.

There is announced for early publication " Memories of Fifty Years " by Mr. Rudolph C. Lehmann, M.P., a member of the staff of *Punch* and sometime editor of the *Daily News*. We hope soon to see in book form Professor Masson's " Memories

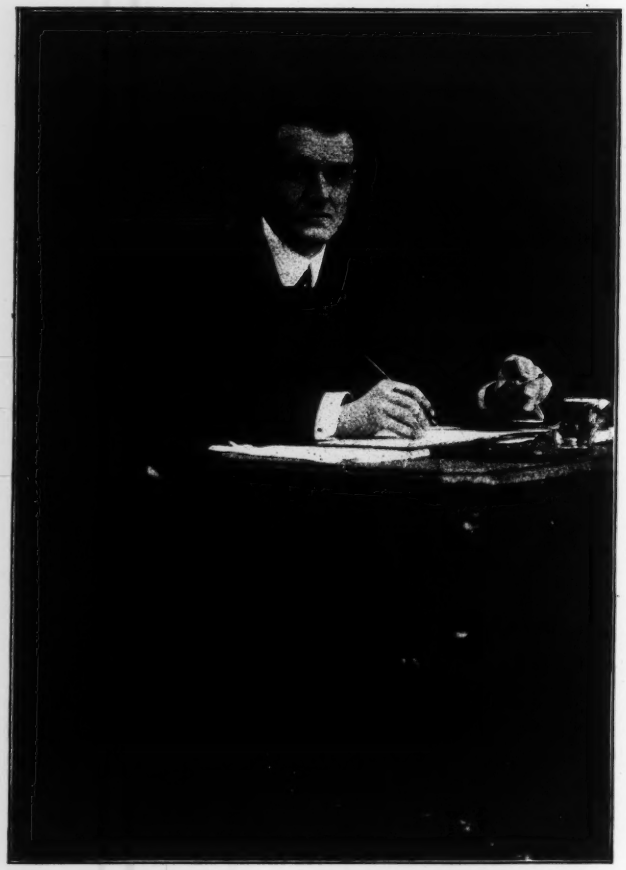
Raffaelle Simboli. **Signor Gabriele D'Annunzio at his country home.**

of London in the Forties," now being issued serially in *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Translations are generally regarded with suspicion from the commercial standpoint, and we therefore feel grateful for Mr. John Lane's announcement of an English edition of the works of Anatole France, whose books are unknown in this country to those who know only the mother tongue.

The present "Herrick" number of THE BOOKMAN is indebted to Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack for several of its most striking illustrations. It is some little while since this firm initiated its "Golden Poets" Series, and the "Herrick" volume in it, with the admirable Introduction by Canon Beeching, is one of the most successful of the deservedly successful volumes. Few contemporary portraits of Herrick were available, but Mr. A. S. Hartrick has caught the likeness admirably in his frontispiece to this edition; and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes evidently found the spring-like, dainty poems well suited to her own romantic fancy and skill. We have reproduced these, necessarily, in black and white, but all who know Mrs. Forbes's woodland and pastoral scenes will realise that they gain much by their colouring in the actual volume. The "Golden Poets" Series now numbers many a standard singer—"Spenser," with Introduction by W. B. Yeats; "Whittier," with Introduction by A. C. Benson, among others; and within the past few weeks a "Browning" volume, with Introduction by Augustine Birrell. While gladly making our acknowledgments to Messrs. Jack for permission to reproduce the "Herrick" pictures, we gratefully pay tribute to the use and adequacy of their charming series of the Poets.

The authorship of "Father and Son," which attracted much attention last year, has long been an open secret, but all doubt will shortly be put at rest, for on the title-page of a forthcoming edition of this interesting work will appear the name of Edmund Gosse.



Mr. Ridgwell Cullum.
Author of "The Watchers of the Plains." (See p. 77.)

We are informed of the imminent issue of an historical work of great importance. Mr. Arthur Hassall has edited a series of lectures by the late Bishop Stubbs on "Germany in the Middle Ages." "The absence of satisfactory histories of Germany in the English language is as keenly felt now as it was when Bishop Stubbs was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford," Mr. Hassall says with truth in his preface, and the book will undoubtedly be of great value to present-day historians.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is at present publishing serially a novel entitled, "Salthaven," which will be issued in book-form in the autumn.

The great success which has attended the publication of Réné Bazin's "The Nun" has led to a demand for other works by the same author, and a translation of his latest book, "The Rising Corn," will shortly be issued.

Mrs. Mackirdy, whose "Soul Market" created a wide sensation, and whose new book of London experiences, "Thirteen Nights," will be issued immediately, is at work upon a volume which she entitles "The Family Skeleton." Needless to say, it deals with the servant problem.

In her new novel, "The Grey Knight," Mrs. de la Pasture has followed the methods so successful in her earlier books. The story is, she says, limited in every detail to experiences which have come within her own personal observation; though the actual characters and plot are, of course, imaginary.

This personal quality can certainly be felt in all this author's work, and in no book more than in "Catherine of Calais," published in 1901. Mrs. de la Pasture, it will be remembered, in her girlhood knew Calais well, her father being Consul there; and her French and half-French characters, with their subtle, delicate charm, are among the most delightful of all her creations. "Catherine's Child," which is now running serially in the *Cornhill Magazine*, though complete in itself, is a sequel to "Catherine of Calais." And this fact will ensure it a double welcome when Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. publish it in the autumn. In our next issue we hope to give a portrait of Mrs. de la Pasture with our review of "The Grey Knight."

Photo by Crooke. **Mrs. E. H. Strain.**
Author of "A Prophet's Reward." (See p.177.)

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred by Glasgow University upon Mr. Neil Munro, the well-known novelist. In presenting Mr. Munro, Professor Gloag, Dean of the Faculty of Law, spoke of him as the most distinguished Scottish representative of the movement—not confined to Scotland—which has been called the Celtic Revival. "In 'The Lost Pibroch,' in 'Gillian the Dreamer,' in 'Children of Tempest,' he has caught the secret of the life of the Western Highlands—its subtle charm, its rainswept melancholy. To hazard a comparison, his work has something of the elusive atmosphere of Corot's painting—an atmosphere partly natural, for the rest suggestive of the spirits of the mist. Again, in 'John Splendid,' he has achieved a brilliant success in depicting characters and events which have already engaged the attention of the greatest master of the art of historical romance. In all his writings, whether he paints for us the Highland mystic, the soldier of fortune, or the more prosaic personages who figure in 'The Daft Days,' he displays a keen sense of the niceties of character, and a style at once cultivated and distinctive. This University, so long and so intimately connected with the Western Highlands, may fitly honour their most brilliant interpreter."

Foremost among the younger generation of novelists is Mr. John Trevena, the author of "A Pixy in Petticoats" and the delightful "Armorel of the West." His last book, "Furze the Cruel," was the first of a trilogy, the remaining volumes of which will be "Heather" and "Granite." Mr. Trevena has given us an outline of his intention: "Almost everywhere on Dartmoor are Furze, Heather, and Granite. The Furze seems to suggest cruelty, the Heather endurance, and the Granite strength. The Furze is destroyed by fire, but grows again; the Heather is torn by winds, but blossoms again; the Granite is worn away imperceptibly by the rain." "Heather" will shortly be published.

Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., are making extensive arrangements for the publication of an important new series of cloth-bound novels at the price of 1s. Ten volumes will be placed on the market on June 15: "When a Man's Single," by J. M. Barrie; "The Cherry Ribband," by S. R. Crockett; "Marcia Drayton," by Charles Garvice; "Allan Quatermain," by H. Rider Haggard; "Phroso," by Anthony Hope; "The Countess of Maybury," by W. B. Maxwell; "John of Gerisau," by John Oxenham; "The Trail of the Sword," by Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.; "Beatrice of Venice," by Max Pemberton; and "The New Rector," by Stanley Weyman. These shilling novels will be produced in the most handsome manner with decorative title-pages, end papers, and full gilt backs. In size and general appearance they will be after the style of Messrs. Dent's deservedly popular Everyman's Library. A great sale is anticipated for this series.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

DR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

I REMEMBER reading but the other day a work by one of the most suggestive of our modern critics, Mr. Scott-James, and noticing one passage wherein he commented on the fact that, in any consideration of contemporary literature, it is impossible to overlook the influence of one or two authors now dead, notably R. L. Stevenson. The writer went on to discuss an incident in a book by, I think, Mr. E. V. Lucas, touching "the romance of hansom cabs, the drivers of which move off at a moment's notice to any part of the metropolitan world like knights on a chivalrous quest." An ordinary and a trite sentiment enough, it was pointed out, but nevertheless one which a few decades ago would not have occurred to any one. Mr. Scott-James's own reference to Stevenson's very great influence on contemporary writing is not strikingly original: it is obvious enough to any one who troubles to observe what sort of things people are writing about. However, from Mr. Scott-James I happened to turn to a column of reviews of new books. A novel was under discussion. "Here," said the reviewer, "one feels is the man for R. L. Stevenson." The man was Dr. Stacpoole. It is possible that the reviewer, after the manner of his kind, had said the same thing about dozens of other people. The reviewer in general tends to be either over-enthusiastic or over-captious. In this case I think he was speaking the truth. Dr. Stacpoole is a true exponent of the new romance, for he writes of the things we think we know, and shows us in how much we were ignorant concerning them. The common facts of life are invested by his touch with a new mystery and a new delight. In such lies the spell of real romance.

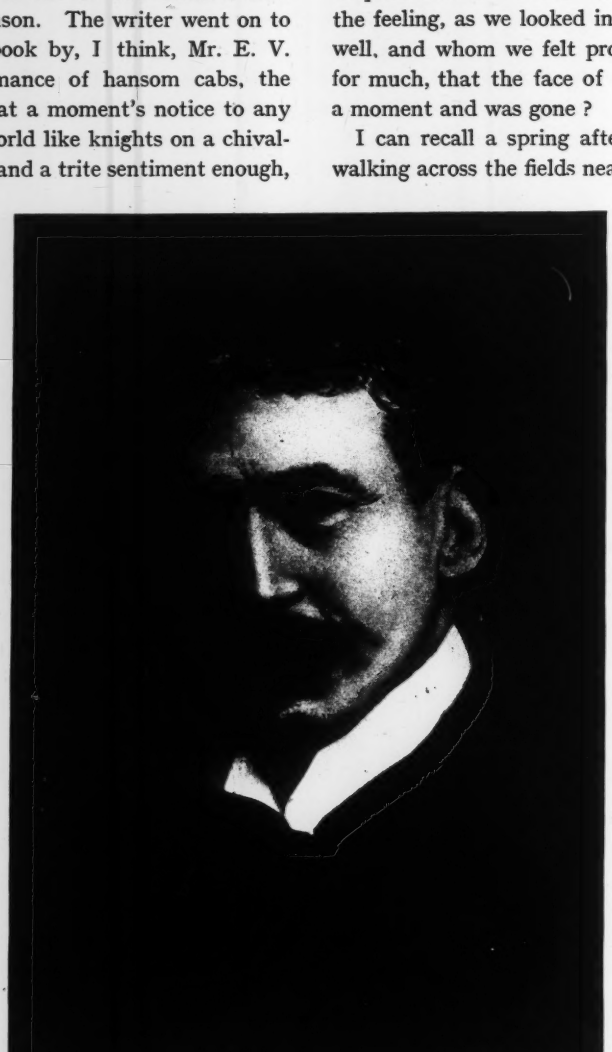


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Dr. H. de Vere Stacpoole.**

It happens that just now nearly all of us have become introspective. Every one who is alive to the spirit of the twentieth century dabbles in self-analysis and psychology generally, and any man who is or has been a professional psychologist feels himself in his element. Before he abandoned medical practice for the joys of authorship, Dr. Stacpoole used to take, he says, a good deal of interest in brain disease. Among other startling beliefs he holds that madness consists in obsession by evil spirits, and if you let him talk to you about it, you will believe it too. Then he is an Irishman, a Celt, and as such he knows that fairies and hobgoblins, elves and cluricaunes and leprechauns, really do exist. He thinks, as many of us do at heart, that evil has a personality, or personalities. Have we not all at times experienced the feeling, as we looked in the face of a man we knew well, and whom we felt probably that we did not care for much, that the face of a devil looked out at us for a moment and was gone?

I can recall a spring afternoon when he and I were walking across the fields near his cottage in the country. "I am sure," he said, "that there is a maniac in each one of us. Do you know that nothing on earth could give me greater pleasure at this moment than that I should set fire to those three haystacks yonder?" Surely at times most of us have such fancies. "Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is *Law*, merely because we understand it to be such?" Dr. Stacpoole has a power for *suggesting* in his books the uncanny and the gruesome, unrivalled, I think, since Edgar Allan Poe, whose words on the Spirit of Perverseness I have just quoted; though he does not often bring this faculty into use, and in many, perhaps in the majority, of his novels, it is absent altogether. I can call to mind an episode in "The Crimson Azaleas" that impressed me as a wonderful example of the exercise of this peculiar talent. Two men overtake a hideous old blind Chinaman on the Nikko road. After telling them how many rickshaws, at the moment miles away, are coming towards them, he draws in the dust a circle and sundry magic symbols, and begins a sort of incantation. He is summoning the powers of evil. One of the men carelessly draws a small cross inside the circle with the point of his stick. Something inexplicable happens: the next moment the Chinaman is tearing at himself as if scores of evil things were worrying him—he rushes off along the road, still clawing at his breast and shoulders and beating the air. In a few minutes the men he has left see his frantic figure topping the skyline on the road a mile off, then it disappears into the forest. Two days

later they read of a man's body being discovered miles away, "beaten to death by the trees."

Not the least remarkable feature of Dr. Stacpoole's work is its versatility. He began in the ordinary way with short stories, verses, and reviews, mostly for *The Outlook*. That was in the early 'nineties. In 1896 he wrote a charming little romance, "Pierrot," published, with designs by Aubrey Beardsley, by Mr. John Lane. That was his first book, a *conte* of the Paris of 1870, with an element of the supernatural, and a delicate and most original love *motif*. Since then he has written stories for children, studies of English village life, of the Latin Quarter, which he knows well, the lightest of light comedies of London (in "Fanny Lambert"), a wonderful picture of Japan, the exquisite idyll of "The Blue Lagoon," and now on the top of all these an extraordinary detective story, "The Cottage on the Fells." He is now writing two books on Irish life, one of which, "Patsy," will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. There will be a well-marked sporting element in this story, and a highly developed plot. The other new tale is concerned with the fortunes of an old Irishman, an inveterate gambler, his charming daughter, and a racehorse. The plot is one of the features of this story also. Such diversity of theme would seem almost unparalleled, but Dr. Stacpoole has seen a lot of life in most corners of the earth, and he is deeply convinced that the whole world should be the province of an author, "and that if a man hasn't been through the mill he is not much use as a writer."

It should surprise no one to hear that so volatile a personality owes its character to an origin partly French. That came through Dr. Stacpoole's mother. His father was an Irish Doctor of Divinity of Trinity College, Dublin, and an army coach. Lecky, the historian, was at one time a pupil of his. After schooldays at Portarlington and Malvern, Dr. Stacpoole "walked" St. Mary's Hospital. He has tried doctoring in various places, the most interesting of them he thinks on board a cable-mending ship, wherein he cruised in nearly every quarter of the high seas. He has lived in Paris, and both "The Rapin" and "The Bourgeois" are drawn from his experience of this period. The former of these books, as was pointed out on its appearance, might very well have been written by a Frenchman. Désiré, Prince de Camorra, or Toto, as every one calls him, is one of the wealthiest young men in Paris. His mother wants him to marry Helen Power, a millionaire's daughter. His friends include many of the *rapins* of the Bohemian quarter; Gaillard the poet, who borrows from him perpetually, and publishes little volumes under such titles as "Satanitie," or "The Fall of the Damned," Pélisson, a journalist, and Struve, an art critic. It is difficult to discover the real Toto, he is ever a *poseur*, and when he declares that he must be an artist his wealthy friends praise his work till he gets really to believe in it himself. He meets Célestin, a little milliner, innocent as beautiful, whose love has hitherto been lavished all on her pet lark, Dodor. When Toto comes into her life he shares this love with the bird. He resolves to live for a year as an artist on three thousand francs, with Célestin and Dodor. He takes a tiny set of rooms, puts on a blouse, and joins M. Melmenotte's studio. He is disillusioned as to his talents, he sickens of the pretence of love in a cottage with Célestin, and urged on by Gaillard, who misses the continual loans, he returns to his old life of luxury with his family and marries the American heiress. Célestin catches pneumonia and dies, but without learning that Toto's heart was never all hers. She is mourned by Garnier, an uncouth genius whom Toto brought home from the art school, and who has loved her truly since he first saw her. This love inspires him to the painting of great pictures, and he becomes famous. Struve, the philosophic critic, takes charge of Dodor. Gaillard, cast off by Toto, founds a newspaper and wins fortune. The whole story is instinct with a Gallic lightness and grace. Dr. Stacpoole has a genius for turning what in other hands might prove a very sordid tale into a thing that breathes an air of perfect innocence.

Dr. Stacpoole acknowledges, as might be expected of him, that he succumbed early to the fascinations of Stevenson and Poe. He thinks that after these, Victor Hugo and Eugène Sue worked upon his youthful imagination more than other writers. Since he gave up medicine he has worked hard and fast. After "Pierrot," Mr. Lane published for him "Death, the Knight, and the Lady," and "Pierrette." Then, published with Fisher Unwin, came "The Doctor," which THE BOOKMAN declared on its appearance to be, through its "abundance of humour and humanity, a clear and convincing success." At intervals after this appeared "The Bourgeois," another story of the Quartier, "The Lady-Killer," and "Fanny Lambert," with which Dr. Stacpoole found the hearts of the public. This book, which went into three editions, was his first success from a commercial point of view. "The Crimson Azaleas," which most of us remember reading when it came out last year, reached four editions; "The Blue Lagoon," only recently published, is in its fourth; and three editions of "The Cottage on the Fells," published three weeks or so ago, are now exhausted.

Dr. Stacpoole's personality is as one sees it in his books, stimulating, fresh, waywardly humorous, and slightly irresponsible. He and his wife have secluded themselves in the heart of the country, the delights of which he revels in during the intervals of hard writing in his "hutch," wherein he makes a point of accomplishing, on an average, two thousand words a day.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

May 1 to June 1, 1908.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

GREEN, W. CURTIS, and W. GALSWORTHY DAVIE.—Old Cottages and Farm-houses in Surrey. 21s. net.
NORMAN, PHILIP, and W. D. CAROE.—Crosby Place, Bishopsgate. 25s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

GIBSON, PROF. W. R. BOYCE.—The Problem of Logic. 12s. 6d. net.
HOME, GORDON.—Yorkshire. Painted by Gordon Home. 20s. net.
MARKHAM, SIR CLEMENTS R., K.C.B., F.R.S.—The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes. 3s. 6d. net.
OMOND, G. W. T.—Belgium. Painted by A. Forestier. 20s. net.
SCHECHTER, DR. SOLOMON.—Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology.

Cambridge University Press Warehouse.

COBHAM, CLAUDE DELAVAL, C.M.G., B.C.L., M.A. (Translated and transcribed by).—Excerpta Cypria. 21s. net.
GIBB, PROFESSOR JOHN, D.D., and W. MONTGOMERY, B.D. (Editors).—The Confessions of St. Augustine. 7s. 6d. net.
SMITH, M. BENTINCK, M.A. (Editor).—Chaucer's "Prologue" and "The Knight's Tale." 2s. 6d.
WARD, A. W., Litt. D., Master of Peterhouse, and A. R. WALLER, M.A. (Editors).—The Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. II. The End of the Middle Ages. Buckram, 9s. net; half-morocco, 15s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

BREBNER, PERCY.—Princess Maritza. 6d.
EDDY, CHARLES.—Mrs. Bailey's Debts. 6s.
HEWLETT, MAURICE.—The Spanish Jade. With illustrations by William Hyde. 6s.
VAIZEY, MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE.—Flaming June. 6s.
People's Library. 10 vols. 8d. net.
Royal Academy Pictures. 5s. net and 3s. net.
The Nature Book (in fortnightly parts). 7d. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Buried Alive. 6s.
COKE, DESMOND.—The Pedestal. 6s.
HODGSON, WILLIAM HOPE.—The House on the Borderland. 6s.
MAYNE, ETHEL COLBURNE.—The Fourth Ship. 6s.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

CAVERS, F., D.Sc.—Life Histories of Common Plants. 3s.
EVANS, A. J., M.A., and F. N. DIXON, B.A.—History of Great Britain and Ireland, 1763–1815. 2s. 6d.
GOGGIN, S. E., B.A.—The Merchant of Venice. 2s.
RUSK, R. R., M.A., PH.D.—More's "Utopia." (Robinson's translation.) 2s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

AUSTEN, JANE.—Pride and Prejudice. 2 vols. Sense and Sensibility. 2 vols. Illustrated in colours by A. Wallis Mills. 3s. 6d. net per vol.
BESANT and RICE.—By Celia's Arbour. (Cheap Edition.) 6d.
GASQUET, REV. ABBOT.—The Greater Abbeys of England. With coloured pictures by Warwick Goble. 20s. net; large-paper edition 42s. net.
HYATT, A. H. (Compiler).—The Charm of Edinburgh: an Anthology. (St. Martin's Library.) 2s. net and 3s. net.
LUCAS, ALICE.—Talmudic Legends, Hymns, and Paraphrases. 2s. net.
MALLOCK, W. H.—The New Republic. (New—St. Martin's Library—Edition.) 2s. net and 3s. net.
SYRETT, NETTA.—Anne Page. 6s.
ZOLA, EMILE.—The Joy of Life. (Cheap Edition.) 6d.
Ballads and Lyrics of Love (Edited by F. Sidgwick). Illustrated in colours by Byam Shaw. 6s. net.; large-paper edition 12s. 6d net.

The Clarendon Press.

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YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

MAY, 1908.

THE READER.

ROBERT HERRICK.

By Walter de la Mare.

FATE, it seems, will sometimes turn a very kindly eye on a poet—when he is well out of sight. She embalms some little story, some trivial fragment of gossip for a souvenir so engaging and so spontaneous that it bids fair to survive even the verses on which he is so lamentably apt to found his immortality. Johnson's mysterious passion for his friends' orange-peel is surely, from a poor peccable human point of view, a more endearing link with him than all the delights of "Irene" or of "Rasselas" can be. Tennyson's cloak, his table-turning, Gibbon's "I obeyed like a son," Hunt's Vandyke collar, Pope's stockings, even Wellington's "Don't be a dam fool, sir," oddly revivify for us the very man himself. We catch, as it were, a glimpse of divine Achilles turning the corner, the unforgettable sunlight on his heel.

But with more than usual graciousness has Fate turned her countenance on Robert Herrick. For, quite haphazard, to a lovable old creature on the perilous verge of a hundred, posterity owes by far his most salient remembrances—that his ghost has walked; that at Dean Prior he kept a pig which he taught to drink out of a tankard, and that he had been known to fling his sermon at whomsoever snored. There stands the man, immortalised! Thence all else falls into focus. We see pottering Prue, the faithful old servant of this fickle old bachelor; Tracy's tail wags; we hear his cock crow, his goose gaggle. We confront that confounding and dominant nose, those unparalleled ringlets, that Roman neck, those bold, glassy eyes beneath their yet bolder, vivacious brows; they become the inalienable features of a man unique as ourselves. Though anthologists weary of his lyrics, life will never jilt the poet. While men remember his "daffadills," his "Anthea," his little child's cold-as-paddocks hands, they will remember the whimsical comrade of the little black pig, and will pause in dubious ecstasy of sympathy between divinity and dream, between the fourthly and fifthly of a drowsy sermon of a droning Devonshire noon delivered *viva voce*, and straight from the shoulder.

To Dorothy King, then, sentiment, if nothing else, owes a prodigious debt. Otherwise, however, in mere bare facts and dates, Herrick's record is singularly full. He came of an excellent stock of the county of Leicester. Bishop, knight, and mayor enrich his traditions. He claims kinship too across time future with Jonathan Swift, and faintlier yet with Thomas Babington Macaulay. His father, Nicholas Herrick, one of twelve brothers and sisters, was a goldsmith in Wood Street, Cheapside, and married a sister "of the wife of Sir Stephen Soame, Lord Mayor of London in 1598." Even aldermen, then, may take heart: poetry, like love, will find out a way. The poet himself was born in 1591 and was not two when his father died, having but just before made his will, leaving estate to the value of about £25,000 of our money; and confiding the guardianship of his young children to his brother William ("afterward from the boring skilfully of a diamond for the king, created Sir William"), also a goldsmith. To this Sir William Robert was first bound apprentice. And to him, afterwards, when his nephew was at St. John's, Cambridge, we owe a series of perhaps the most unconvincing begging letters ever extorted from an ingenuous and gay young man by a parsimonious guardian. These letters were preserved, if should be added, merely as memoranda of moneys despatched, not because Sir William was gifted with a prophetic eye.

"Qui timide rogat,
Negare docet."

"Are the minds of men immutable? and will they rest in only one opinion without the least perspicuous shewe of chaing? O no, they cannot, for Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis: it is an old but yet young saying in our age, as times chainge, so mens minds are altered . . . the bodie is preserued by foode, and lyfe by hope, which (but wanting either of these conseruers) faint, feare, fall, freese, and die. Tis in your power to cure all, to infuse by a profusion a duble lyfe into a single bodie. Homo homini Deus: man should be soe, and he is commanded so; but, fraile and glass-lik, man proues brittle in many things. How kind Arcisilaus the philosopher was vnto Apelles the painter, Plutark in his Morals will tell you; which should I heere depaint, the length of my letter would hide the sight of my Labour, which that it may not, I bridle in my Quill, and mildly, and yet I feare too rashly, and too boldly, make knowne and discouer [that] which my modestie would conceale. . . ."

Herrick evidently believed in plenty of ground-bait; but sympathy exceeds admiration on one's learning that the poor young man was merely soliciting an advance out of his own private funds. Mr. Grosart in his complete edition of the poems prints the whole series of letters. In 1620, being then twenty-eight, and an M.A., Herrick came up to London—the London of "the Sun, the Dog, the triple Tunne." Nine years after he forsook his old cronies, took orders, and banished himself into loathèd Devonshire. There he remained seventeen years. In 1647 he was ejected from his living for his never-veering loyalty to Charles. He returned to town, threw off his cloth, re-donned his wreath of roses, and published in 1648 his "Hesperides," with its fascinating frontispiece attached—

From a drawing by A. S. Hartrick.

The Vicarage and Church, Dean Prior, Devon (to-day), where Herrick worked and wrote.

From a drawing by A. S. Hartrick.

The Rev. Robert Herrick.

Helicon and Hippocrene, Cupid and Pegasus. In 1662 he was reinstated, and in October, twelve years afterwards, aged eighty-two, he died.

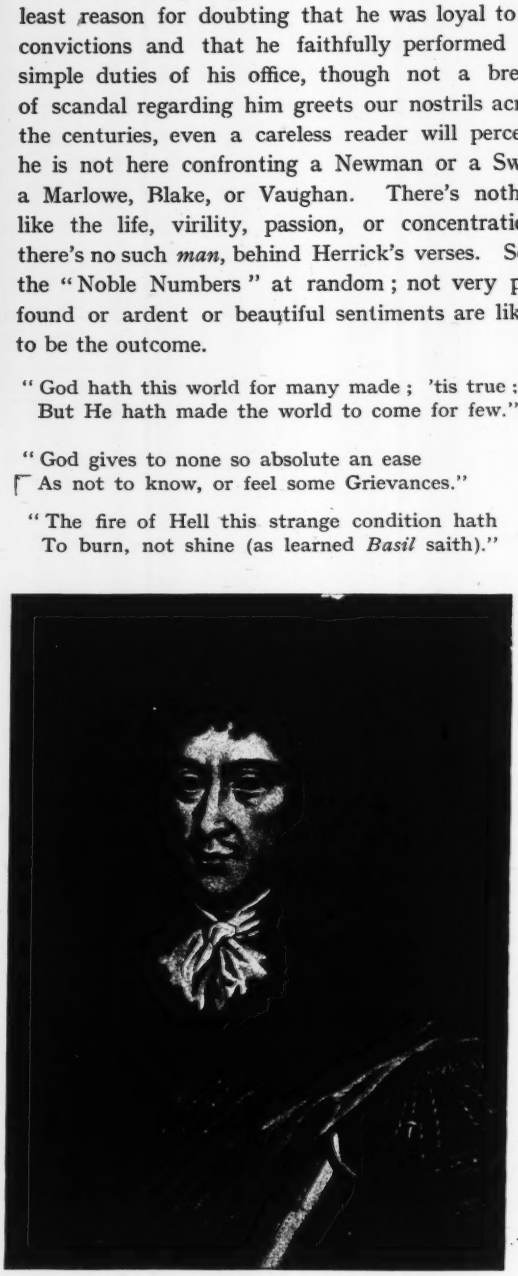
Herrick's, then, for any man, was a life unusually long; for a country parson unusually varied; and for a poet unusually rich in experience and opportunity. Its worst drawback, so far as poetry was concerned, seems to have been its freedom from care, passion, or any very acute affliction, failure, or disappointment. He never felt the want of money, or of friends. He enjoyed to the full a long youth, and simply embarked thence into a gay, idle, and convivial manhood. So we can safely surmise. It is not clear why he ever entered the Church; but it was certainly not for the sake of a stipend. He complained bitterly of the tedious life of the country. His epigrams are sour as well as poor. He pined for his town wits. Yet though a solitary country winter may seem laggard and gloomy, there was yet for the poet snow and ice, and frost-encrusted woods, there was Sirius on the hillside, and the clatter of the ploughman's smoking team flush with the sunset; while as for spring and summer, there was cream enough and may and lilac enough, and showers, rainbows, twilight glow-worms, dew enough to compare all the Julias, Perillas, and Dianemes that ever walked the fields with. Fortune, however, at length paid heed to his lamentations (or his sermons); broke up his schooldays for a sheer twelve-year-long holiday, and recalled him to Dean Prior only for the last few years of a long life, when surely he must have been only too willing to live quiet, and think of things done, and babble again of green fields.

But, after all, it is the spirit within a man that chooses placidity; that seeks out strife; that flushes its own fears and afflictions. A man may live well-nigh penniless and friendless, and yet live pretty placidly. Doubt will not thrive in an easy conscience; dangers follow close at the heels of zeal; and if you never love much, nor grieve much, nor despair, neither Helen, nor Sorrow, nor the Devil is likely to appear in dread and splendour advancing along your way. We can but hearken after Herrick in his poetry; and though there is not the least reason for doubting that he was loyal to his convictions and that he faithfully performed the simple duties of his office, though not a breath of scandal regarding him greets our nostrils across the centuries, even a careless reader will perceive he is not here confronting a Newman or a Swift, a Marlowe, Blake, or Vaughan. There's nothing like the life, virility, passion, or concentration; there's no such *man*, behind Herrick's verses. Scan the "Noble Numbers" at random; not very profound or ardent or beautiful sentiments are likely to be the outcome.

"God hath this world for many made; 'tis true:
But He hath made the world to come for few."

"God gives to none so absolute an ease
As not to know, or feel some Grievances."

"The fire of Hell this strange condition hath
To burn, not shine (as learned *Basil* saith)."

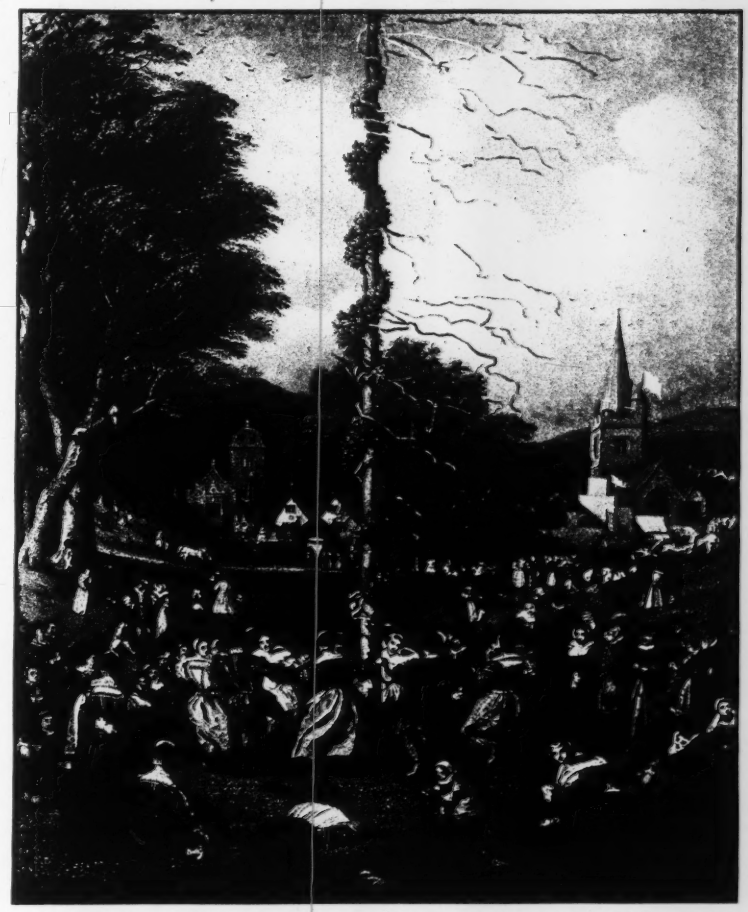


Charles Cotton, friend of Herrick and Isaak Walton.

How very glib the title seems after this! Even the Litany, one of his deepest and sincerest poems, edges heedlessly off into a rather feeble joke; and his tenderest, most delicate little lyrics shine incomparably brighter set among other men's. They take a happier dignity away from their context; mean more; cast longer and purer beams; they free the reader of an uneasy sense of facility and shallowness; and better still, from the haunting taint and innuendo of the epigrams.

On the other hand it is possible to neglect nobler characteristics of Herrick, hidden away in his obscurer verses. There come curious and rather impressive glimpses of a graver personality. He never fawns nor flatters, not even to Charles, that most practised connoisseur in the art. He never poses, unless the vine-leaves and the orgies and the divine madness be a pose. And when he addresses his equals he writes with a fine ease and dignity of bearing, and even a certain aloofness. It is clear he was at heart simple and humble, disliked pomp and pretentiousness, despised nothing that was frank and beautiful in itself, and loved well all the familiar and lovable things of life. His exquisite terseness of phrase proves his intellectual honesty. He was no more a hypocrite than a fanatic. One feels, too, he was at need a man of courage, inflammable, an ingenious serviceable man, not generous perhaps, but humane and charitable, and without the least trace of vanity save in the silly, light things that mean as little as they matter. These, perhaps, are not heroic qualities; but they go to make an English gentleman, and are an excellent world's-side to his rather over-fastidious and exotic poetising. They do not excuse, but they extenuate the banefulness of such feeble powers of epigram as were his. His time may be credited with much of this "sorrowful nastiness"; his ease and shallow heart with much; possibly dull parishioners with a little too. He was a guest welcome and at ease among the giants at the Mermaid. His country neighbours delighted in his company. A hypocrite is really welcome nowhere. Moreover, have we not the overwhelming testimony of his pig and its tankard? and we *know* that not less manfully than Matthew Arnold himself he could on occasion fling his sermon true and weightily at the deaf adder down below.

But Herrick is his "Hesperides." You survey his portrait, fascinated yet repelled; you dip (with a strong stomach) into his epigrams. Then you remember his "Why doe ye weep, sweet babes?" his 'Faire daffadills," his "Whenas in silks my Julia goes," and you despair of finding consistency in man again. For surely this Herrick, who even himself proclaimed himself "too coarse to love," had the finest and keenest sense of material beauty, the rarest appreciation of what is delicate and pure and flawless, of all the world's poets before and after him. It is the miracle repeated of Ariel haunting Caliban. It is all so effortless, so intuitive, so unclouded.



The May-pole.

"I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes."—*Hesperides.*

"Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood:
Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings; but not stir
The earth, that lightly covers her."

"Shut not so soon; the dull-ey'd night
Has not as yet begunne
To make a seisure on the light,
Or to seale up the Sun.
No Marigolds yet closèd are,
No shadowes great appeare;
Nor doth the early Shepheards Starre
Shine like a spangle here."

"Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which Starlike sparkle in their skies:
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours, yet free:
Be you not proud of that rich haire,
Which wantons with the Love-sick aire:
Whenas that *Rubie*, which you weare,
Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of Beautie's gone."

They seem to shed light, these poems, like colourless flowers at evening. A fainter music haunts their sound.

Ben Jonson.

"When I a verse shall make,
Know I have pray'd thee
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me."

Prayer to Ben Jonson.

Deep feeling would sink little craft like these. Imagination, even, is almost too weighty a quality to lay their secret to. What wonderful eyes they make proof of; what faultless insight; how complete a surrender to the simplicity of taking down what after all could only, as it were, have been overheard! Inspiration is a difficult and unwieldy word, but surely if the dust is inspired when a harebell springs from it, no less was Herrick. One feels ashamed of asking anything else of a man who entertained such light-heel visitors—thought, passion, moral, wisdom, humour. Indeed, quintessentialised these things *are* here in these scraps of music. The unhappiest marvel is that a poet capable of such bubbles of beauty never found a lucid moment after his joyous flight to town in which to expunge the refuse from his book. Fifty such chosen poems would have assured his immortality; the medley of the twelve hundred in the "Hesperides" has only imperilled it.

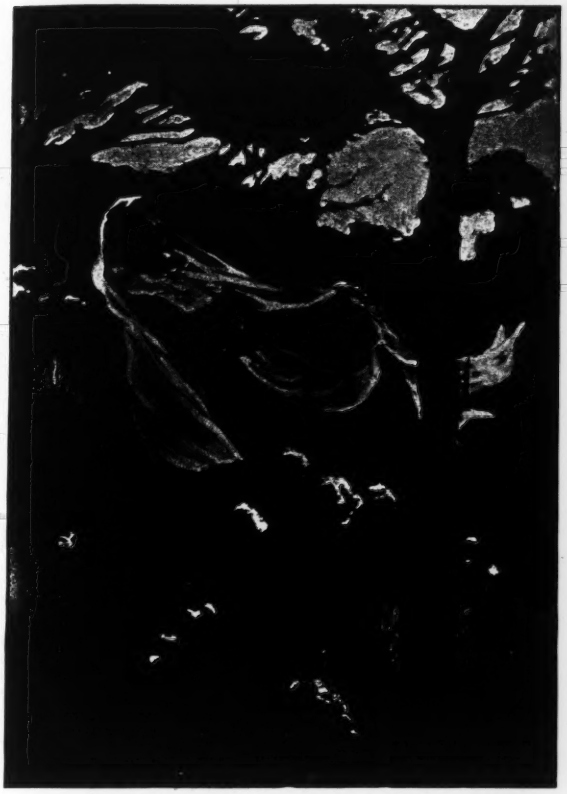
It is easy to pull to pieces, and not unprofitable when the subject survives the dissection. And analysing only the best of the lyrics, one suddenly realises how very little is required to match England's most exquisite song-writer. One realises, too, quite as sharply what one *must* be without. Herrick loved all pure, translucent, smooth, pale, shining, delicate, simple things—amber, dew, tears, crystal, scarlet, the snail's silvery spittle, primroses, pearls, lawn, gillyflowers, milk, cherries, and so on. He delighted (almost to an effeminacy) in bracelets, bands, ribbons, tresses. He had a very active sense of smell (man's latest triumph over the beasts as, I think, Maeterlinck considers it). He enjoyed damask-roses, frankincense, leaves burning, herbs, anything "aromatic." His nose, in fact, was a little *too* active at times. He simply idolised tininess. Almost everything fascinating in his fairy-poems is a dainty harping on this string. The fancy of minuteness—children, robins, cauls, grasshoppers, eye-images, beads (even words of littleness such as younglings, kitling, quarrelets, flosculet). But of the fairies who visit and haunt Mr. Yeats he caught not even the faintest glimpse. His are as corporeal as blackbeetles in comparison. He intensely enjoyed snugness, "indoors," fire, greenery, country cates and dainties, gewgaws, old wives' fancies, tales, and ceremonies. He pondered on lips and cheeks, their vermilion, cream, rose; and on eyes, their sparkling and vivacity rather than their stillness, depth, and dream. He pondered unwearyingly on flowingness, airiness, lightness, slenderness; and far too often on nakedness. "Far too often," for he seems to have had scarcely a vestige of that noble passion for form that Mr. Sturge Moore reveals in his most beautiful "Rout of the Amazons." He delights, so far as comfort may, in country out-of-doors—maying, harvest, wassailing, dancing; but as for man isolated, laborious, at grip with nature, Millet's, Turgénev's peasantry: for the mystery, the haunting sense of terror, of star-sown space, of that great sweeping mill of God, Time; or even for sinister, treacherous, sorrowful, secret Pan; not much of these things Herrick put into his charming poems. But then he never met Barnes nor Thomas Hardy.

So far as humour goes—humour fruitful, earthly, wholesome as rain and sunshine—Herrick's perhaps was his quite singular want of it. He had even more wit! His Epithalamies, after allowing for the fashion of the time, are otiose to the last degree. In his lamentation for Tabitha, the "poor Widdows" are recounting with unconcealed gusto all the good things once poured out

From a drawing by T. Hearne, F.S.A.

St. John's College, Cambridge.

Where Herrick was a fellow-commoner.



**"A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness."**

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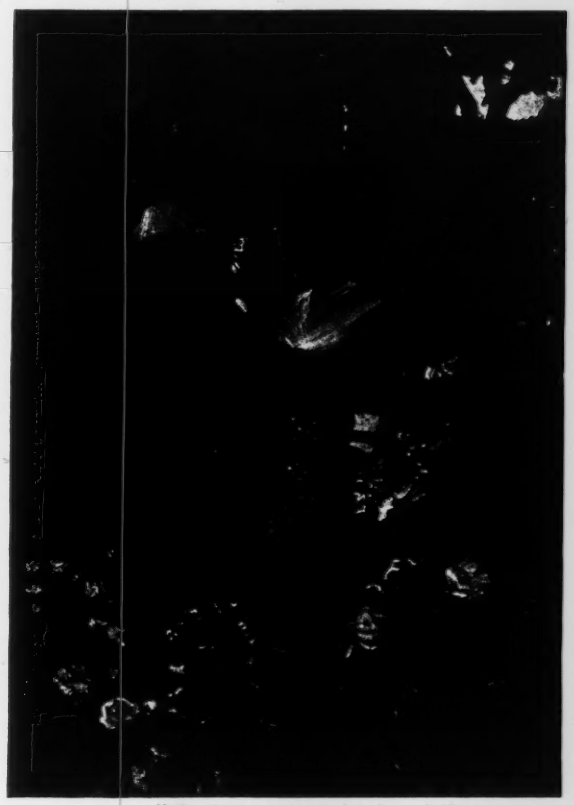


**"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying."**

From the Illustration by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes in Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack's "Golden Poets" Series.

from her unfailing cornucopia, but which, now that Dorcas is dead, will come no more again—the Corne and Wine,

> "The Bits, the Morsells and the deale
> Of gentle Paste and yeelding Dow,"

the Storax and the Cynamon, when the Chorus breaks in with

> "Thy belly like a hill is
> Or as a neat
> Cleane heap of wheat
> All set about with Lillies."

But instances blinder even than this will recur to the student of the "Noble Numbers."

There remains Herrick's wistful hint of melancholy; his gentle insistency on the transitoriness, the change and inevitable end of all things lovely; that the poet too himself must leave at last his verse and the beauty it so exquisitely commemorates. The Max Nordau latent in every one of us remembers that his father met his death by flinging himself from an upper window of his shop in Wood Street. It is the *bonne bouche* of his biographers. Perhaps this sorrowful memory haunted him too. Perhaps he inherited a morbid strain. It is a melancholy, however, neither very rich nor deep; fitful everywhere, beautiful in the Litany, but sometimes a little tedious in its echoing reiteration.

Of Herrick's style, his gift of phrase, his sense of idiom, of words—their collocation, grace notes, responsiveness—it is impossible to speak too enthusiastically. He inherited all Elizabeth's English; Anacreon and Catullus were in his pocket; Jonson was a friend, Shakespeare that friend's intimate; but none the less he cultivated a perfect little pleasaunce for himself.

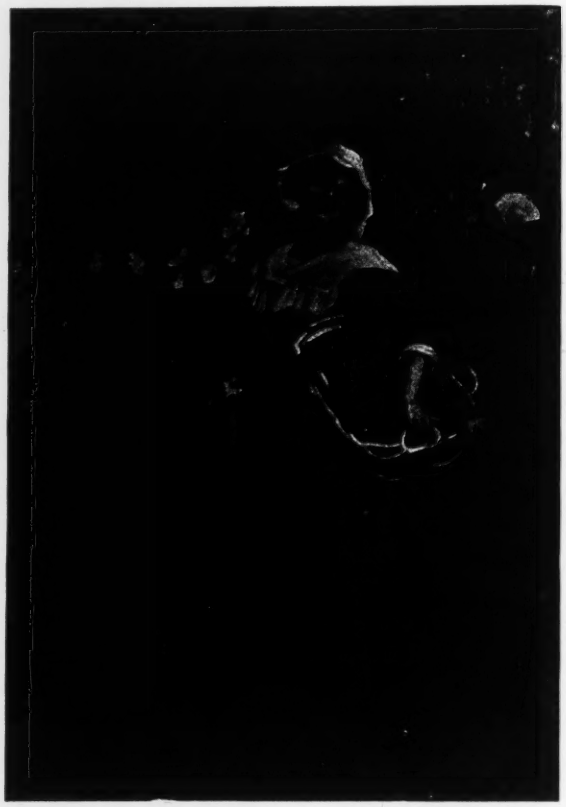
> "Ah, my *Perilla!* do'st thou grieve to see
> Me, day by day, to steale away from thee?
> Age cals me hence, and my grey haires bid come,
> And haste away to my eternal home."

> "For I a Boy am, who
> By Moonlesse nights have swerved
> And all with showrs wet through.
> . . . . . .
> I to my Chimney's Shine
> Brought him (as Love professes)
> And chaf'd his hands with mine
> And dry'd his dropping Tresses."

Not a page he wrote but affords at least one flawless line, one unique phrase. The rhythm, the cadence *is* the thought. It is as if he had taken his lines and in some strange furnace transmuted them into perfect clearness and completeness. It is his starlike gift. He had the poet's genius; he had the artist's patience too.

And now, at last, we come to Julia, to Electra, Anthea, Œnone, Dianeme—each name a precious stone. Was every one of these delightful ladies only a poet's blossoming abstraction? Surely Julia, whose every bodily grace, seen and unseen, Herrick has confided to his lyrics; surely she at least once lived and breathed, and blushed and refused. I fancy Anthea did. Yet, unfortunately, all that can be said with certainty is that here indeed he stands last and least of all great poets.

Robert Herrick.
Frontispiece to "Hesperides," 1648.



**"Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry-isle."**
From the Illustration by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes in Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack's "Golden Poets" Series.

He loved, if love he did, lip and cheek and breast and eye. He sentimentalised. Now and then he utterly floundered. But either he could or would not see what Shelley saw infinitely more clearly even than any external beauty—the courage, love, deathlessness, unearthliness of which this is but the mask and lodging. Their numerousness is nothing, merely a baker's dozen. Many a curate flourishing to-day could unblushingly double the list. But the gifts of a poet are rarer than susceptible hearts; and where poetry is concerned we hunger for realities. To Herrick women seem to have been little else than graceful pastimes. He will "freese" and "frye" *ad infinitum*. But was it worth *their* while?

It is graceless, cold-blooded, callous, perhaps, to pin your butterfly down; to count its plumes, to catalogue its every tint and iridescence. But Herrick's butterflies are phantom and immortal. The critic's pin will remain but for his own inglorious monument. The ghost is free as air, and flits off gay and unharmed back to youth's unfading roses.

CO-OPERATIVE HISTORY.

By Thomas Seccombe.

I.

THE public has not had such an opportunity of judging the influence of the co-operative wave which seems passing over the production of history as it has at the present moment. The movement may, perhaps, be thought to have been started by Lavisse in France, rather more than a dozen years ago; but we have in England at the present moment no less than four notable examples of historical collaboration, co-operative, it is true, in very different degrees, either complete or nearing completion. In some respects it can hardly be doubted that this distributive method of attaining to historical justice represents a reaction against the vivid, personal, and partial presentation of critical periods in history by partisans so eloquent and enthusiastic as Macaulay, Carlyle, Mommsen, Michelet, Taine, and Froude.

Their views have been criticised in monographs, the study of documents has made enormous strides, societies and periodicals have published sidelights on *adversaria* covering a vast ground of more or less original research. These results need to be incorporated from time to time in some fairly accessible summary. By choosing a number of trained collaborators such results can be

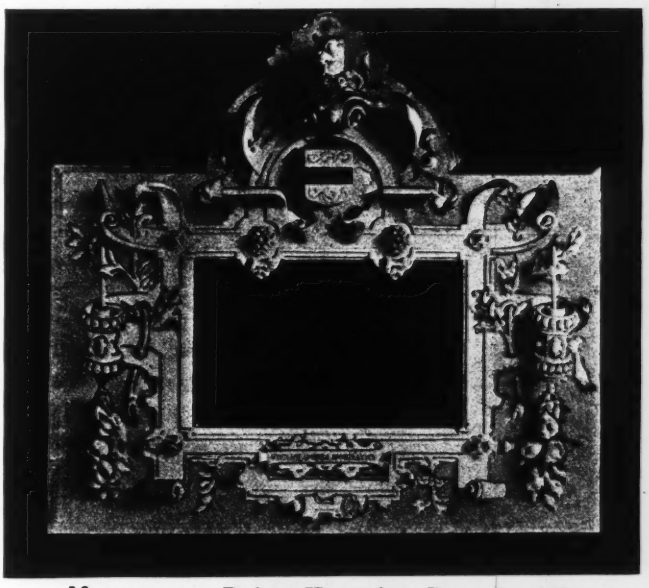
brought together and assimilated in a manner at once forcible, terse, and impersonal. Hence we get such useful series as the "Political History of England" in twelve large volumes, the "Cambridge Modern History" in twelve larger volumes, and Helmolt's "History of the World" in eight volumes larger still.

As generalised statements and conclusions up to date from the deductions of experts, these productions are for the most part excellent in their way. But these summaries all involve a great many assumptions and irrelevancies, the true character of which the historical student cannot afford for a moment to ignore, but which, on the other hand, he is much more liable to ignore owing to the specious appearance of impartial finality that such formal summaries inevitably assume than in the case of the vehement and vivid special pleading or bias of the out-and-out and admitted partisan

We shall in the long run be interested by the same things in history and in life. We cannot subsist entirely on documents. History is, after all, made by men and women, and we need all the aid we can possibly get from psychology, from humour, from common sense, and from the personal equation in interpreting these same men and women. Every measure of historical values implies some sort of criticism of life. The note of vivid partisanship in "individual" history makes this sufficiently plain. The severely judicial, chastened, and impersonal tone of "co-operative" history tends subtly to conceal the intrusion of the philosophical or ethical preconceptions which pervade the most austere pages, even of historical summary. It tends, in short, to convey the erroneous idea that history consists of a concatenation of facts rather than a more or less dissolving view of aspects of man's life in the past adjusted to a continually fluctuating conception of the whole question of human development. Co-operative history may be thought to supply something in the nature of a compensating balance; but it does so at an enormous sacrifice, not only of artistic coherence, but also of doctrinal unity.

Advantages and defects alike are observable, though in very varying degrees, in the four examples of co-operative history now before us. The twelve volumes of the Longmans' "Political History" may claim, in an exceptional degree, each to possess a distinct individuality and unity of its own. The control exerted external to the writer is to be detected mainly in the scope and the general plan of each particular volume. In both respects it can hardly be concealed that the central control has had an effect decidedly prejudicial to the completeness of Vol. XII., dealing with the "History of England during the reign of Victoria," by Mr. Sidney Low and Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders. The two previous volumes each covered a period of barely forty years. The present writers are condemned to cover over sixty years, and years teeming with incident and change to an extent almost unrivalled in the history of the world, in a corresponding space.

The result is that after 1886 the narrative shades off into little more than bare summary, while not nearly enough space is available for the revolutions in transportation, defence, educational and civil service reform, or the mysterious changes in the beliefs and sentiments of the people in regard to religion, social reform, imperial obligation, and the destiny of man, which set in so rapidly during the last decade of the Victorian Era. Concerning the subtle constitutional changes of the last half-century, Mr. Sidney Low's book on "The Governance of England" has already shown him an original thinker of no ordinary power. His summary of literary, scientific, and economic development at the end of this book is in many ways a masterly performance. The appreciation of George Eliot would not have suffered from a little more warmth, FitzGerald is a writer sufficiently *tendencieux* to deserve a brief mention, and premonitory symptoms of the revival of intellectual drama should have found a place. One would have hesitated, perhaps, to describe the style of J. R. Green as "Macaulayesque." The importance of Lord Randolph Churchill seems to me a little over-emphasised. The discrepancy in the space allotted to diplomatic history in this volume and its predecessor is very marked. Such personal observations could be extended. They detract in no way from the solid merit and workmanlike style of a volume which will deservedly attract a very large number of "general" readers, and also, as being the one volume which in a reasonable space (of 520 pages) covers the whole epoch from 1837–1901, of students whose school curriculum, as is ordinarily the case, has left their minds a complete blank as to the recent history of their own country. The bibliography at the end of this volume is a most skilful piece of work, and just indicates to the reader the sound opinion of an expert on the relative values of the works cited in the shortest possible space. Why, I wonder, is my favourite volume in



Monument to Robert Herrick in Dean Prior Church.
Placed there in 1857 by W. Perry-Herrick, of Beaumanor, Leicester.

connection with the Indian Mutiny ignored? I refer to Sir George Trevelyan's "Cawnpore."

But of course the "Political History" illustrates the co-operative principle in history to a very limited extent. A much better example is afforded by the "Cambridge Modern History," which has now reached an almost exactly similar stage in its progress, being just three parts finished. The twelve volumes of the "Modern History of Europe," from 1450 to 1900, will occupy just about double the space of the "Political History," and the price is a little more than double (16s. as compared with 7s. 6d. a volume).

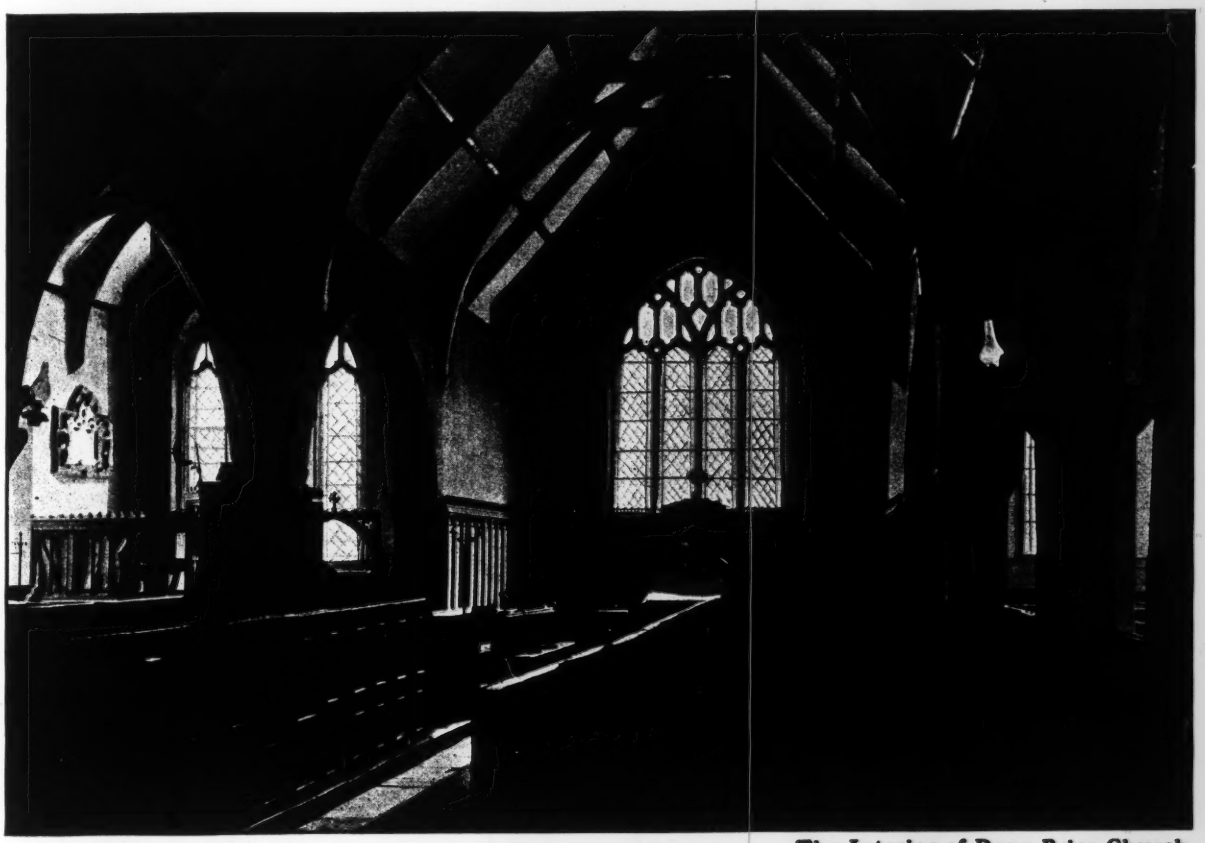
Much more responsibility is thrown in this case upon the editors, whose guiding rein and control is felt in almost every page of the work. The balance of good and bad qualities in these volumes has been already pretty well struck by the reviews in THE BOOKMAN and elsewhere. The administrative labour is thoroughly well done, and there is a vast amount of original and expert work scattered about its voluminous pages. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that it lacks the harmonious properties which characterise its famous French rival, the well-known "Histoire Générale" of Lavisse and Rambaud. Relief, in short, has been consistently sacrificed to superficial area. The literary chapters, though admirably done, seem to bear little organic relation to the main purpose, and as compared with the "Political History" the bibliographies are nugatory. Authorities are scheduled as it might be in a cheap book catalogue, and no attempt whatever is made to discriminate or to guide the general reader in his choice of them. The recently issued fifth volume does not, perhaps, quite attain the interest of Vol. X., which dealt with the rival restoration period of 1815–40; but it is a great relief after the dreary complications of the Thirty Years' War, with which Vol. IV. is terribly encumbered. Nothing could well be better than the opening chapter on the government of Louis XIV. by Professor Grant of Leeds. There is none of the familiar compiler's patchwork here. Every paragraph bears evidence of having been carefully thought out, arranged and selected from an ample reservoir of corroborative information. Will it be believed, however, that there is not a single reference in the authorities to the essentially authoritative works of Pierre de Nolhac on Versailles? The immense educative influence exercised by Versailles upon European life, art, and civilisation, and the price of that influence to France, is a subject of first-rate importance most curiously ignored throughout this volume. Another chapter of first-rate value and original importance is that by Professor Firth on the Stuart Restoration. Unfortunately this chapter seems to have been very imperfectly assimilated by some subsequent contributors to the volume, for in Chap. VIII. on the Anglo-Dutch Wars, in which the principle of subdivision is surely carried to unnecessary lengths, we get an entirely different view of the responsibility of the Crown. In this and the subsequent chapters by Mr. Pollock and Mr. Temperley, the conventional Whig view of pre-revolution politics wears a somewhat forlorn and obsolete air. The presumption of Mr. Pollock that Godfrey was murdered by Jesuits has led to some justifiable if somewhat intemperate criticism in the *Cambridge Review* and elsewhere. We are much more inclined to credit Oates and his crew with Godfrey's removal than the Jesuits. Evidence far more definite than any yet referred to ought at any rate to have been adduced before the theory of Jesuit responsibility was accorded the position it occupies in a work of reference of this order.

II.

While the history of England and modern Europe is thus in rapid progress under the co-operative method, the History of the World has been completed by a similar process in two imposing series of volumes.

Helmolt's "World's History" or Survey of Man's Record (8 vols. Heinemann) is in some ways the most ambitious of all these enterprises, inasmuch as within the space of about four and a half thousand pages it endeavours to give a fairly full outline of the entire history of man. The incidence of some of the chapters is a trifle eccentric and the method of editing far from easy to explain. The translation is freely done, the style is frequently energetic, and there is an amount of unity about the whole plan which can hardly be claimed for some of its rivals. The last three volumes deal in a necessarily curt and abbreviated way with the affairs of North-Western Europe. The distinctive value of the work to my mind resides in the first five volumes, which deal respectively with Prehistoric Man and the Pacific; Asia, Australia, Japan, and the Indian Ocean; Africa; the Mediterranean and its shores; South-Eastern and Eastern Europe. A special latitude is given to those writing on outlying or recondite subjects of Oriental history, about which most of us know so little The point of view in most of this work is both independent and original, and there is a freedom from that pendulum action of historical opinion which too often leaves the reader of "The Historians' History" in a state of bewilderment. As compared with that book, far bulkier though it is, Helmolt gives a great deal of information which the student can with difficulty obtain elsewhere. The motto of the American publication might be "an elephant in an A.B.C. teacup." The German editor is not attracted by this boiling-down process. He makes vast incursions into the exotic, the unknown, and in some cases (that of prehistoric man, for instance) into the unknowable. Nor is he content with appraising the past. His contributors show a thoroughly German fondness for the might have been and the may be, joined in some cases with all the modern publicist's viewy and presumptous familiarity with the immediate future. It is good for us, no doubt, to see ourselves as others see us, and in these volumes, apart from the summary of British history expressly compiled for insertion, and the excellent introduction by Mr. Bryce, the reader will find no undue optimism and no enervating flattery in regard to the destiny of England. On the other hand, he may make up his mind for plenty of fine sentiment

Dean Prior Church, Devon.



The Interior of Dean Prior Church.

Robert Herrick was the incumbent of this church in 1629, was ejected in 1647, restored in 1662, and was buried here in 1674.

of this order: "The age of Louis XIV. and the Napoleons is over. The European balance of power rests henceforward firmly and securely in the unassailable might of the German nation, now united for all time." The Central European point of view is frankly maintained throughout the book, and the reader must be content to feel himself at every crisis in the responsible but firm grasp of the mailed fist. It is in the main a salutary discipline. Another good point of the present compilation is the provision of excellent coloured plates and coloured maps. The colours have, in one case at any rate, got a little mixed. In the map of the world at the end of Vol. VIII. the colours are in the legend at the corner of the map distributed in the usual, or to us at any rate familiar, manner: British possessions red, French blue, German green. When we turn to the map itself, however, we find the British red appropriated to the German colonial possessions. India, Australia, and Canada are coloured a vivid blue, while Algeria and Madagascar are green. It is a bad thing to get into the habit of always (quite unavowedly, of course) expecting the place of honour at the historical banquet. As individual volumes of this History have already been separately noticed in THE BOOKMAN it would be superfluous here to say more, except that for the price it may well be considered a sound investment for any library that makes pretension to an historical department.

We now come to the most elaborate and, in some ways, the most interesting experiment in co-operative history yet made, known as "The Historians' History of the World" (the *Times*), in twenty-five volumes large octavo. Of these we have only received twelve volumes, so that our review must necessarily be very incomplete. Apart from this, however, it is manifest that a review of even half a book consisting of fifteen thousand broad pages can represent merely the outline of a general impression. I must admit that my first feeling on confronting this massive pile of scarlet binding was one of dogged disinclination to be pleased by it. I diagnosed the book as suffering from biblioid Americanismus, another form of megaloid elephantiasis and one very apt to take the deadly form of cyclopediasis. Two things confirmed me in this same prognosis. The first was the discrepancy between the views of the work expressed in the public prints or in interviews with the "doyens of English scholarship," and those bandied about in current conversation. The second was the vainglorious confidence (expressed in the Introduction) which the administration of the work seemed to attach to a combination of envelope files and card-indexes; a combination of stationery as unimportant to the general reader as that of "raising history towards the level of fiction in point of interest, without sacrificing anything of scientific accuracy" (Introduction, p. 21) is chimerical in the eyes of any one who has reflected seriously upon the problems involved in the writing of history. If these are the principles which are to dominate the forthcoming volumes, I said to myself at once that "The Historians' History of the World," whatever might be its success, was foredoomed to complete failure in the estimation of a truly modern historian. But fortunately for the book, as far as I have been able to judge, these threats are entirely unfulfilled. The mechanism of the compilation is not in the least unduly obtruded, while scientific accuracy makes way at every point, as a foreign parvenu ought to do, for the Master of the Pageant. The attraction of the book consists in the very fact that analysis is subordinated throughout to the subject-matter of history as conceived in the old-fashioned way, the only way suitable, or indeed possible, for a narrative history planned upon this scale. The intercalary essays seem to me of relatively small account, apart from the purpose of advertising the names of certain eminent historians who contributed them. The feature of the book is the broad pasture and the vast horizons offered to the largest and best class of historical readers, those who without too much disturbance from half-baked theories of historical causation love to browse at large among the partial but picturesque chronicles of the past, not confusing them with the truths of the gospel, but relegating them to their proper place in the Old Testament of Historical Revelation. As to the New Testament, it is pretty plain that our present generation cannot aspire to be more than the prophets of it. My erroneous impression of the "Historians' History" had been that it was merely a series of excerpts from famous historians somewhat upon the lines of Charles Knight's "Half-Hours of English History."

But it is really a great deal more than this. For it attempts with considerable success to weld together from materials supplied by all the famous historians of past times a continuous narrative history of the world. Much of the actual writing of these historians has been embodied, but there has been an attempt at editorial recension (though not at any sort of scientific control in the modern sense) throughout, and a light garnish of modern criticism has been thrown over the whole. This speculative top-dressing, one is glad to report, has hardly disturbed the solid substratum of good old narrative history beneath it. The continuity of the book distinguishes it from Helmolt's compilation, and it is weak exactly in those places where Helmolt is strong, namely in the original treatment of outlying races and difficult subjects of historical speculation. Beginning with Egypt and Babylonia (Vol. I.), the programme is continued in a perfectly straightforward way with Phœnicia and Persia (II.), Greece (III. and IV.), Rome (V., VI., VII.), Arabia and the Crusades, (VIII.), the Papacy and Italy (VIII. and IX.), Iberia (X.), France (XI. and XII.). The affairs of Asia, America, Australasia, and Africa, together with those of Central and Northern Europe, the Balkan States and the island of Britain, are presumably to be compressed into the outstanding twelve volumes. Having read considerable portions of volumes I., IX., X., XI., and XII., I think I am entitled to say that the narrative interest of the book is very well maintained. The chapter, for instance, dealing with the social and literary influence

After the picture by C. R Leslie.

May-Day.

'Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-maying."

Raising the May-pole.

"Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May."

COUNTRY SCENES SUNG OF BY ROBERT HERRICK.

of France under Louis XIV. compares extremely favourably with that in the "Cambridge Modern History," though the chapter in the last-mentioned work is signed by a personage no less than Emile Faguet, of the French Academy. The bibliographies (or at any rate some of them) are far superior in interest to those of any of the competing works. Errors and misprints abound, of course. It is a pity, for instance, that Louis XIV. should be said to have been succeeded by his grandson, or Thomas Cromwell to have had a share in the death of Catherine Howard. But such things will happen in books of this area. Or take again the following explanation of Waterloo. "Napoleon bothered God. Waterloo is not a battle; it is the universe changing front." On what documents is the "scientific accuracy" of this statement based? It may be magnificent; it may be Emerson, but it is not history. For my own part I should call the first clause a blasphemy, the second a downright lie, and the third sheer nonsense. Despite this absurdity, I must record an impression that the whole of this volume is impartially and well done, quite apart from the fact that it is extremely interesting—awfully interesting would perhaps be more expressive of the feeling produced in the reader by a long spell of world-history. We should like, if opportunity offers, to extend our criticism at a later date to the subsequent twelve volumes of the History and also to compare the work with the previous attempt by Smollett to present the English-speaking world with a "Universal History."

NOTES OF A BOOKBUYER.

CHRISTOPHER WALTON THE MYSTIC.

By Claudius Clear.

I HAVE just bought from Mr. Higham, Farringdon Street, "Notes and Materials for an Adequate Biography of the Celebrated Divine and Theosopher William Law. Comprising an Elucidation of the Scope and Contents of the Writings of Jacob Boehme, and of his Great Commentator Dionysius Andreas Freher, with a notice of the mystical divinity and most curious and solid science of all the ages of the world. Also an indication of the true means for the induction of the intellectual 'Heathen,' Jewish, and Mahomedan notions into the Christian faith. Printed for private circulation. 500 copies. London, A.D. 1854." At the top of the title-page are the words "To the Christianity, the Philosophy, the Erudition, Science, and Noble Intelligence of the Age." The mottoes are: "The time is born for Enoch to speak, and Elias to work again." "The manifestation of the 'mystery of Christ'—of Deity, Nature and all things (and universal refinement of philosophy and theology) was the *Elias* mission of Behmen, Freher, and Law, and God's last dispensation to mankind." This is the third copy of this book that has been in my possession. Two I have given away to friends, but I found that I could not be comfortable without one, and so I paid a guinea and a half for the third, which is enriched by some notes of the author. On the front cover are the words "Elucidation of the Sublime Genius and Theosophian Genius of William Law, 1856," and on the back cover "Cyclopædia of pure Christian Theology and Theosophic science with their experimental discoveries." There is a pamphlet bound in which I shall notice presently.

This strange book is well known to all English students of mysticism as one of their source books. Of the author little is known beyond what is told in the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" by the Rev. Alexander Gordon. It should be said that the series of theological memoirs with which Mr. Gordon has enriched the Dictionary yield in care, learning, and originality to no articles in that invaluable work. He tells us that Christopher Walton (1809—1877) was born at Worsley, Lancashire, and ultimately made a fortune as a jeweller and goldsmith on Ludgate Hill, remaining in business till 1875. He died in 1877. He was a Wesleyan Methodist, and through the specimens in Wesley's Christian Library he was introduced to the writings of William Law. Law led him to Boehme, and he found a key to Boehme in the diagrams of Dionysius Anderson Fuller. He became a great collector of mystical works in print and manuscript, and in 1854 he published the book I have mentioned. Mr. Gordon says: "The book is disorderly beyond description, yet a treasury of biographical and bibliographical information without index or table of contents." Walton printed also an Introduction to Theosophy which was intended to reach thirty volumes, but only parts appeared. In 1875 he deposited nearly the whole of his unrivalled collection with Dr. Williams' trustees at the library then in Grafton Street, now in Gordon Square, stipulating that it should be kept apart as the Walton Theosophical Library, and be always open to students in this class of literature. Walton's residence, 9 Southwood Terrace, Highgate, was always open to similar inquirers. Mr. Gordon tells us that "in person he was of large build; in manner sententious but kindly, and absolutely destitute of humour."

Christopher Walton's book is the greatest curiosity in arrangement that has ever been known. He admits this in his preface, and gives reasons for publishing which show good sense:

"If you wait till you can do a thing perfectly or even according to what you may deem the lowest degree of propriety of execution, you will never do it at all. Do all you can in the circumstances: and be not discouraged though you cannot compose the work according to the order, style, rules, or classic models of rhetoric in which it should be presented, or as Mr. Law himself would have done it."

The most valuable part and the greatest curiosity of the book is the life of Law, which is commenced as a note at page 334. The note begins—

"As a relief to the uniformity and matter of these pages, we present currently therewith, the following Notes and Memoranda, relating to the personal history, birthplace, family and friends of the subject of the proposed biography; which though belonging more appropriately to that work, may not be unacceptable to the readers of this preliminary treatise."

This note, which is printed in diamond type, proceeds on to page 628, nearly three hundred pages of very small type. Sometimes it is allowed to fill almost the whole page, the text occupying only one or two lines. Archdeacon Hare's Notes are easily surpassed by this extraordinary production. It is in every respect difficult to read, but there are very valuable documents in it and much information which has partly been utilised by Canon Overton. Walton got hold of the manuscripts of Francis Lee which were in William Law's possession, and he also obtained some of Law's transcripts of writings by D. A. Freher. Francis Lee, who was born at Cobham in Surrey on March 12, 1661, and became a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, was one of the more remarkable English mystics and was known as Rabbi Lee from his intimate acquaintance with Oriental literature. He married the daughter of Jane Lead, the mystic, and lived for a time in her house. Jane Lead's books are now very difficult to come by, but some of them, like "The Ascent to the Mount of Vision" and "The Heavenly Cloud now Breaking," were once eagerly read. Lee stood by his mother-in-law to the last, and Walton thought that the mystical poems inserted in her works were written by Lee. It seems, however, that they were more probably the work of Richard Roach. In the Walton library there is an account of Jane Lead's last days by Lee which has never been published in English, though it was partly translated by Canon Jenkins in his article "Miracles, Visions, and Revelations" published in the *British Quarterly Review*, July 1873.

The history of Behmenism in England has yet to be written. It is much to be desired that a mystic like Mr. A. E. Waite or Mr. Arthur Machen should undertake it, but the task will not be easy, for many of the materials are still in manuscript. In an unpublished letter of Lee existing in Walton's library he tells us that the work of Jacob Boehme on the soul was produced in England a little before the martyrdom of Charles I., and came into his hands.

"He read it through with the greatest admiration, and soon discovered that something excellent was concealed under his enigmatical teaching. Two brothers of noble extraction (by name Altham ?) who first fought against the King and then joined his cause, greatly favoured Boehme, and as they had access to this most pious monarch did not lose their opportunity. With the assistance of our English friends up to the time of the return of Charles II. the rest of the works of this divinely taught author were produced under the auspices of the Earl of Pembroke, who received our friend Pordage into his house in the most friendly manner. When, however, Charles II. returned, neither he nor his court gave any countenance to such writings. On the contrary, satires ridiculing Boehme and his doctrine were his delight. Nevertheless the Duke of Buckingham, who was a familiar friend of the King and also an alchymist, as was the King himself, took the opportunity of promoting these works in order to satiate the hunger for gold. Nor ought I to omit the fact that Pordage's son was taken into the household of the Duke of Buckingham (as it seems to me) on this account . . . and indeed a chemist has told me that he has derived more profit from a single book of this author than from a hundred or more others."

Jane Lead was a Behmenist who derived much from the writings of the Molinists and Cardinal Petrucci. What a strange story this is—the appeal to the mystical piety of Charles I., and the later appeal to the greed of the Duke of Buckingham.

John Pordage (1607—1681) was Rector of Bradfield, Berks, to which he was presented by Elias Ashmole, who thought highly of his astrological knowledge. Richard Baxter describes him as chief of the Behmenists, but in Mr. Gordon's opinion he was not a man of robust intellect and his insight into Boehme's writings was feeble. Pordage was charged with heresy and accused of pantheism and intercourse with spirits. Ultimately he was ejected as "ignorant and very insufficient for the work of the ministry." This took place in 1655, but at the Restoration he was reinstated. Walton makes several references to him, but he had a low opinion both of Pordage and of Jane Lead. Of Jane Lead he says:

"It would not perhaps be difficult to dissect Mrs. Lead's character, and demonstrate the philosophy of her prophetic assumptions from a consideration of the constitution of her mind, the character of the piety of the Cromwell-Muggletonian fanatic days in which she lived, her intricate study of Boehme's works then first published in English, and the popular spiritual topics of her age."

Of Pordage:

"Were the writer called upon to give an opinion concerning Dr. Pordage's works from the published treatises in English, he would judge them of little worth in a theosophical point of view; and as to their being the fruits of a special divine illumination, he could not entertain such a question at all."

The books of Pordage, Bromley, Lee, Roach, Lead, and others are now very rare, but when they come in the market they are eagerly bought. A writer in the *Saturday Review* of twenty years ago or so had a really sound knowledge of English Behmenism, and was one of the very few who appeared to know much of Law's translators. I should be deeply indebted to any reader who could tell me the name of this writer.

A PRE-RENAISSANCE FRENCHMAN.

By Arthur Ransome.

SOME days ago I walked into a little grey French town set on the side of a hill above the Loire. Small cobbled streets twisted this way and that, up and down, between the old houses, and, walking under the gateway, the Porte d'Amont, with its low arch and narrow windows overhead, I felt I was stepping suddenly from the broad practical France, whose roadside crucifixes are made of iron a hundred at a time, into a forgotten corner of that older France whose spirit is left clinging about the new, like the breath of lavender about a room where it has once been kept.

In the inn where I left my knapsack there was a miller who drank a bottle of wine with me, and talked of old Jean Clopinel, who was born here in Meung those centuries ago. "And it was a big book he had the writing of too, and a wise book, so they tell me, and good poetry; but it's written in the old French that's not our language any longer; I could not read it if I tried, and why should I? They know all about it in the town."

Indeed, the town seemed a piece of the old French itself, with its partly ruined church, and the little chateau crowned with conical cap-like towers, the broad Loire flowing below. I thought of the "Romance of the Rose," Jean Clopinel's book, the book that meant so much to the Middle Ages, the book that was modernised by Marot, the book that is deliciously alive to-day. I thought of Jean Clopinel, and his description of himself, put as a prophecy into the mouth of the god of Love:

> "Then shall appear Jean Clopinel,
> Joyous of heart, of body well
> And fairly built: at Meun shall he
> Be born where Loire flows peacefully."

I made up my mind to look at the old book again, when I should have left the road, and be within reach of a larger library than a single volume of Defoe.

La Porte d'Amont, Meung-sur-Loire.

Jean de Meung is so typical a mediæval writer in verse. He was less of a poet than a scholar, more pleased with a display of knowledge than of beauty, and always ready to put plainly out such observations upon life as keep a reader smiling to-day at their shrewdness and applicability. His continuation of the "Romance of the Rose" is a strange contrast with the beginning that was written by Guillaume Lorris. The first part, earlier by forty years than the second, and about a fifth of the length, is a delicious allegory on love with the sweetness and purity of "Aucassin and Nicolete"; the second opens solidly with a good round speech by Reason, filling something like two thousand lines, and ransacking antiquity to fit her wise saws with classic instances according to the new fashion of the time.

Taine finds this garrulous Jean "the most tedious of doctors"; but it is difficult not to throw yourself into his own delight in his new-won knowledge, hard not to enjoy his continual little revelations of character, as when you read

> "Let one demand of some wise clerk
> Well versed in that most noble work
> 'Of Consolation' foretime writ
> By great Boethius, for in it
> Are stored and hidden most profound
> And learnèd lessons: 'twould redound
> Greatly to that man's praise who should
> Translate that book with masterhood,"

and know that he made the translation himself.

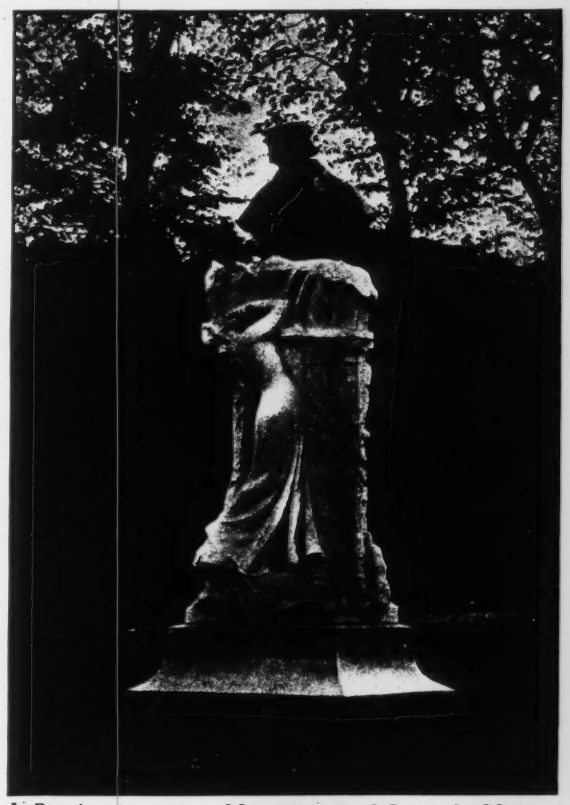
The whole world was at school then, and eager to be taught. Lorris, poet though he is, reminds his readers that his embroidered tale hides something really valuable, that it is "fair wit with wisdom closely wed," knowing well that he could find no better bait to keep them with him to the end. And Jean, when it comes to his turn, admirably expresses the contemporary point of view. He has no doubts at all between the worths of manner and matter. He justifies the classics by saying:

> "For oft their quip and crank and fable
> Is wondrous good and profitable."

The permanent value of knowledge is always before him, and, having learnt a great deal himself, what wonder that he should empty it all out, only now and again giving the tale a perfunctory prod forward before continuing his discourse. I cannot be bored by a man who in the thirteenth century is so independent and so

frank. It gives me pleasure to hear him defend plain speaking, and, protesting against calling spades implements of agriculture, prepare the way for Rabelais. What matter if the Romance suffer a little, and the Rose lie pressed beneath a weight of learning? He talked of women's table manners so well that Chaucer could do no better than borrow from him. He attacked womenkind in general so mercilessly that he won a stern rebuke from Christine de Pisan, that popular authoress of a century later, just as Schopenhauer might be censured by Miss Corelli. He looks at kings, and, turning away, remarks that it is best, if a man wishes to feel respectful towards them, that he should not see them too close. Nor does he forget to let us know his views on astronomy, on immortality, or his preference of nature over art in sculpture and in painting. All these things and a thousand others he puts into the continuation of a poem on the art of loving that begins with a spring morning account of a dreamer's vision of a rose and a garden, and Mirth and Idleness, Youth and Courtesy, dancing together as if in a picture by Botticelli.

I went down that night just after sunset, and crossed the river in the dusk. Resting in the middle of the bridge and looking over the dim reflections to the far-distant bank, with its grove of huge trees, and the tower of the church with the outline of the gateway on the hill behind just showing against the sky, I dreamed that I was back in the old days, and that up there on the hill, in the little town of Meung, was Jean, Doctor of Divinity, poring at his books. I remembered the bust by Desvergnes, that beautiful scholar's face, and thought how strong a personality his must have been to leave after six hundred years and more the memory of himself and the feeling of his time so vividly impressed upon the town. For even now, though they do not read his book in Meung, they know all about it, and talk of him with open eyes and that reverence in speaking that children use when they talk of a headmaster whom they do not often see. I could not help feeling that their attitude was traditional. It has been the same for all these years,



L. Berrué.

Monument of Jean de Meung, Meung-sur-Loire.

By Ch. Desvergnes.

and perhaps, long ago, the townsfolk passing in the narrow streets hushed themselves before one door, and whispered "Yes; he is in there writing a book; there are not many who can do that," while old Jean Clopinel inside dipped from folio into folio as he took gem and pebble from the dead tongue, and put his vivid thought and gleeful knowledge in black letters on the parchment, in black-lettered French, the speech of his own people, that all might see how fine a thing it was to look into antiquity and to be wise.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the three best pen-portraits of dogs in modern fiction.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the six best "touchstones" from English poetry.

Matthew Arnold in his Essay on Poetry writes:

"There can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry."

One of Matthew Arnold's own "touchstones" is quoted from "Henry IV."

"Can'st thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge?"

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The

Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to Mr. Alfred Hollis, 8, Bramcote Road, Rotherhithe, S.E.

HOSTILE REVIEW BY "Y.Y." OF MR. WELLS'S "NEW WORLDS."

"'Tis folly to be Y Y."—GRAY.

Other good quotations submitted were:

COME AND FIND ME. By ELIZABETH ROBINS.

"Beckon me not into the wintry air."—KEATS.

(Mrs. L. McKinney, 6, Wordsworth Avenue, East Ham.)

MRS. MULLIGAN'S MILLIONS. By E. MCNULTY.

"Plutus, as sponsor, stood at her font,
And Midas rocked the cradle."—HOOD.

(Miss K. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool.)

PITMAN'S "WHERE TO LOOK."

"We look before and after
And pine for what is not."—SHELLEY.

(Grace A. Miller, Partasaph, Holywell.)

ON NOTHING. By HILAIRE BELLOC.

"Nothing will come of nothing—speak again."—*King Lear.*

(Miss M. Tumpowsky, 100, Petherton Road, Canonbury.)

SIGNIFICANT ETYMOLOGY. By DR. J. MITCHELL.

"Philologians who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark."—COWPER.

(Mrs. Adam Forrester, 55, High Street, Dalkeith.)

MEMORIES OF EIGHT PARLIAMENTS. By H. W. LUCY.

"I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when it's not too late."—BYRON.

(Miss M. L. Swain, 32, Cavendish Terrace, Gillingham.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAKING LOVE. By H. GORST.

"Who can direct where all pretend to know?"—GOLDSMITH.

(Miss Kathleen Butler, Infield, Barrow-in-Furness.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best quotations describing the fascination of London has been gained by MISS B. O. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.

1. "The sun's on the pavement,
The current comes and goes,
And the grey streets of London
They blossom like the rose.

"Crowned with the rising sun,
Vistas fair and free;
What joy that waits not?
What that may not be?

"The blue-bells may beckon,
The cuckoo call—and yet—
The grey streets of London
I never may forget.

"O fair shines the gold moon
On blossom-clustered eaves;
But bright blinks the gas-lamp
Between the linden leaves.

"And the green country meadows
Are fresh and fine to see,
But the grey streets of London
They're all the world to me."

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

2. "The cherry-trees are seas of bloom, and soft perfume, and sweet perfume,
The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)
And there they say, when dawn is high, and all the world's a blaze of sky,
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

"The nightingale is rather rare, and yet they say you'll hear him there
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo,
And golden-eyed tu-whit, tu-whoo, of owls that o-gle London.

"For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
And when the rose begins to pout, and all the chestnut spires are out,
You'll hear the rest, without a doubt, all chorussing for London."

ALFRED NOYES.

3. "As I walked through London . . .
A sudden consolation, a softening light
Touched me . . .
And to my heart I cried:
Here can thy trouble find shelter, thy wound be eased!
For see, not thou alone,
But thousands, each with his smart,
Deep-hidden, perchance, but felt in the core of the heart!
And as to a sick man's feverish veins
The full sponge warmly pressed,
Relieves with its burning the burning of forehead and hands,
So I, to my aching breast
Gathered the griefs of those thousands, and made them my own;
My bitterest pains
Merged in a tenderer sorrow, assuaged and appeased."

LAURENCE BINYON, *Consolation.*

4. "I like the roar of cities. In the mart,
Where busy toilers strive for place and gain,
I seem to read humanity's great heart,
And share its hopes, its pleasures, and its pain.

"The rush of hurrying trains that cannot wait,
The tread of myriad feet, all say to me:
'You are the architect of your own fate;
Toil on, hope on, and dare to do and be.'

"I like the jangled music of the loud
Bold bells; the whistle's sudden shrill reply;
And there is inspiration in a crowd—
A magnetism flashed from eye to eye.

"My sorrows all seem lightened and my joys
Augmented when the comrade world walks near;
Close to mankind my soul best keeps its poise.
Give me the great town's bustle, strife, and noise,
And let who will hold Nature's calm more dear."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *The City.*

5. "Green is the plane-tree in the square,
The other trees are brown;
They droop and pine for country air;
The plane-tree loves the town.

"Here, from my garret-pane, I mark
The plane-tree bud and blow,
Shed her recuperative bark
And spread her shade below.

"Among her branches, in and out,
The city breezes play;
The dun fog wraps her round about;
Above, the smoke curls grey.

"Others the country take for choice,
And hold the town in scorn;
But she has listened to the voice
Of city breezes borne."

AMY LEVY.

6. "Athwart the sky a lowly sigh
From west to east the sweet wind carried;
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill;
His light in all the city tarried:
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed
Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.

"Oh sweetheart, see! how shadowy,
Of some occult magician's rearing,
Or swung in space of heaven's grace
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
Afloat upon ethereal tides
St. Paul's above the city rides!

"A rumour broke through the thin smoke
Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,
The million-peopled lanes and alleys,
An ever-muttering prisoned storm—
The heart of London beating warm."

JOHN DAVIDSON, *London.*

Excellent sets of quotations were sent in by Miss M. Huntley, Hampstead; Miss M. C. Jobson, Harrogate; Mr. L. F. Goldsmid, Clapham; Miss Mollie Kennedy, Banbury; Mr. E. Percy Adam, Nottingham; Miss Dora Maw, Heaton Chapel.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the six best quotations bearing on the theme, "Whom the gods love die young," has been gained by MISS KATHLEEN BUTLER, Infield, Barrow-in-Furness.

1. "Even if death catch people like an open pitfall and in mid-career, laying out vast projects and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope and their mouths full of boastful language . . . is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this kind of death also in their eye. For surely at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young."
R. L. STEVENSON, *Æs Triplex.*

2. "Doomed to know not winter, only spring, a being,
Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile . . .

"All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name,
There a boy he dwelt through all the singing season
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came."
R. L. STEVENSON, *In Memoriam: F. A. S.*

3. "He dwelt with the bright gods of elder time
On earth and in their cloudy haunts above;
He loved them: and in recompense sublime,
The gods, alas! gave him their fatal love."
WILLIAM WATSON, *Keats.*

4. "Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay;
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose. . . .

"Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man."
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad*: To an athlete dying young.

5. "Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That Time and Fate of all their vintage prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest."
FITZGERALD, *Omar Khayyam* (1st Edition).

6. "If I had left him,
After some Junes
He would have faded,
Faded away . . .
Alien to springtime,
Joyless and grey . . .

"Now I have taken him
All in his prime,
Saved from slow poisoning
Pitiless Time,
Filled with his happiness,
One with the prime."
HON. RODEN NOEL, *The Water-Nymph and the Boy.*

Excellent quotations were also submitted by Mrs. Leslie, The Manse, Eddleston; Mrs. C. Wright, Sutton; Miss M. C. Jobson, Harrogate; Mrs. Drayton, Exeter; Miss Paterson, Fleet, Hants.

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to MR. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, The Watch House, Winchelsea, S.O., Sussex, and MR. V. C. WRENCH, The Leys, Banbury.

New Books.

THE COVENANTERS.*

This work is in two handsome quarto volumes. The binding is tasteful, the printing perfect, and the numerous illustrations well selected and beautifully executed. The text is the fruit of long-continued study, wide reading, and praiseworthy research in manuscript and recondite printed sources. The writing is vigorous, though it lacks the literary charm and grace which pervade Dr. Smellie's "Men of the Covenant." There are indeed a few clumsy sentences. Perhaps the following is the worst:

"Purgative teaching of this character countenanced the reckless populace, who seemed to take a delight in enforcing the old papal laws for cleansing heresy upon the Papists, now heretics themselves, in wiping out time-hallowed relics and pleasing rites which are not mentioned in Scripture, and even in illustrating Holy Writ itself by affording to the sparrow, nesting in the ruins of abbeys and monasteries, a refuge:

'Ev'n thine own altars, where she safe
Her young ones forth may bring.'"

In spite of Dr. Hewison's care, misprints and errors have crept into his pages. Thus 1843 is given, instead of 1838, as the date of publication of Peterkin's "Records of the Kirk of Scotland." S. R. Gardiner is transformed into R. S. Gardiner. The birth-place of Charles I. is transferred from Dunfermline to Linlithgow. Christopher Goodman is spoken of as "coming to Scotland to enter the second charge at St. Andrews"; but he was at Ayr for some time before he was appointed to St. Andrews, and there was no second charge in St. Andrews while he was there. Reference is made to "Lord Advocate Stewart, of the Restoration period," although Sir James Stewart did not become Lord Advocate until after the Revolution. In referring to David Laing's edition of Knox's works, mention is made of "Thin's reprint (Edin. 1895)." Unless I am greatly mistaken, Thin only reprinted the title-pages. November 24, 1589, is given instead of November 23, as the date of the marriage of James VI. Probably Dr. Hewison has been misled on this point, as Sir Archibald Dunbar was, by the statement of Calderwood: and yet Calderwood, by printing David Lindsay's letter *in extenso*, furnished conclusive proof that the 23rd was the true date; and of that date there is ample corroboration.

In discussing the defeat and cowardice of Claverhouse at Drumclog, Dr. Hewison says: "Sergeant James Nisbet boasted of slaying seven troopers that day." This would have been a marvellous feat, and might well have excused boasting, for, on that day, James Nisbet was little more than twelve years old. He, however, made no such boast; but related that "they said my father killed seven with his awn hand." His father was the redoubtable "John Nisbet of Hardhill."

Occasionally Dr. Hewison misses the point, as in this other statement concerning Drumclog:

"The victors captured and gave quarter to a few prisoners. There was one exception, which Hamilton 'reckoned amongst our first stepping asyde.' On Hamilton's return from the pursuit, he found a group of fighters debating whether a certain prisoner should receive the promised grace or not. They referred the matter to their leader. The merits of the case are not

* "The Covenanters: a History of the Church in Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution." By James King Hewison, M.A., D.D. 2 vols. 32s. net. Edition de luxe, 3 guineas net. (Glasgow: John Smith & Son.)

available to show what the wretch was—soldier, informer, or deserter. The order of the day being 'No quarter,' Hamilton had no alternative, if the council of war was to be authoritative among them, and sent 'that poor man' to death."

There was no council of war in the matter. Hamilton's own words are: "I being called to command that day as head gave out the word that no quarters should be given." Nor was the "group of fighters debating whether a certain prisoner should receive the promised grace or not." Hamilton's language implies that this man had not received quarter: "Sundry was debating for quarters, others not, non could blame me to decide the controversie, and I blesse the Lord for it to this day." The incompleted copy of Hamilton's letter (in the Laing Collection of MSS.) shows that what he "reckoned amongst our first stepping asyde" was neither a promising nor desiring to give grace to the prisoner who was put to death, but the sparing of the five prisoners who without his knowledge received quarter.

In these volumes Dr. Hewison reveals a tendency to use exaggerated language, as in the following description of the famous scene in the Little Kirk of Edinburgh in the spring of 1596:

"The Assembly well knew that this zealot [John Davidson], the excommunicator of Montgomery, could stir up the most case-hardened of the crowd of 'choice professors,' who to the number of four hundred sat listening to his jeremiad. For four hours he bombarded them with prophetic denunciations, until, broken into penitence, they burst into 'sighes and sobbes with shedding of tears.' After this bitter humiliation the versatile orator raised up the choice professors by some staying reflections on the text, 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink'—a bitter morsel to starving men—until, of these four hundred, only one stony heart remained unmelted."

The authority given for this is "Booke of the U. Kirk, 869." On turning to the passage indicated, it will be found that, so far from Davidson having to bombard the ministers and choice professors for four hours, before, broken into penitence, they burst into sighs and sobs and tears, the whole service lasted less than four hours, as it began at nine in the morning and "continued till near one afternoon." James Melville's testimony is to the same effect: "The actioun," he says, "lasted about the space of thrie houres and mair." This of course included the time occupied by the prayers, the reading of two chapters in Ezekiel, and the space allowed for private meditation. Neither James Melville nor "The Booke of the Universall Kirk" indicates that Davidson "bombarded" his hearers with "prophetic denunciations," although he urged them to compare themselves with the prophets referred to by Ezekiel, and to consider whether there might not be as many false prophets, and as few true and sincere, as in those earlier days. "Yet he was very moving in application to the present times, so that within an hour after they entered in the kirk, they looked with another countenance."

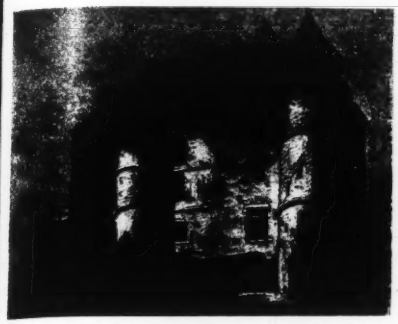
In one passage, Dr. Hewison records Davidson's unselfishness and munificence; but in another describes him as a "veteran critic and master of invective," and alleges that he and Robert Pont "had long been chartered libertines with their tongues." Somewhat similarly, Andrew Melville is extolled for his learning, his high-toned principle, his energy as a teacher, his self-reliance and independence, as, in short, "the type of the best Scot." Nevertheless, in more than one passage he is unfairly dealt with, as, for example, in the following:

"This Committee [of Assembly] convened a meeting of ultra-Protestant friends, clerical and lay, in Cupar, sufficiently near Falkland Palace to permit a deputation of their number to go and interview the King when in residence there, and to return to the meeting. James Melville, a gentle character, noted for speaking 'in a mild and smooth manner,' was their mouthpiece. But his perfervid, choleric uncle, Andrew, remained outside the chamber door as a ready mainstay. Professor James had not well begun his mild address when the testy King proceeded to rate the pastors for meeting in Cupar without his licence, and for fomenting sedition, till the high words reached the ears of the irascible eavesdropper, who burst in, gave the King a broadside, 'bore him down and uttered the commission as from the mighty God.' Text and oath flew across each other, but the eloquent Principal, frenzied with his one idea of the Roman danger, was not to be silenced. Drawing closer to the person of the Sovereign, he gripped the sleeve of the King's coat and styled him 'but God's sillie vassal. . . .' Melville proceeded to declare that Christ, in spite of his enemies, reigned when King James was only in baby-clouts; that the Protestants were the buttresses of the throne"; etc.

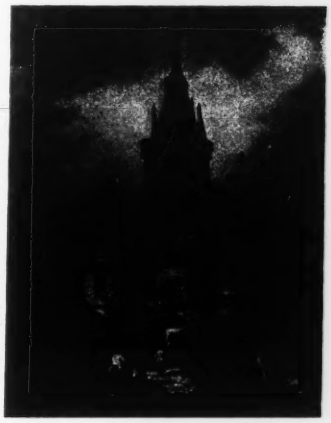
The authorities cited for this are M'Crie's "Life of Andrew Melville" and James Melville's "Autobiography." In neither of these is there any foundation for the assertion that "text and oath flew across each other." That is simply a modern rhetorical embellishment. The expression "baby-clouts" is a poor substitute for "swadling-cloutes." But had these been the only deviations, the above quotation would not have been made, not even as a favourable example of the writer's style. The unfairness to Melville is couched in the expression "the irascible eavesdropper," and in all that that expression implies. Melville was no eavesdropper. This rhetorical embellishment is due, I am persuaded, not to any desire on Dr. Hewison's part to belittle or to disparage Andrew Melville; but rather to his desire to be impartial, and to his having misunderstood James Melville's words: "Entering in the cabinet with the King alan, I schew his Majestie," etc. The passage may be seen in the Wodrow Society edition of Melville's "Autobiography," pp. 369–71; or in the Bannatyne Club edition, pp. 244–6. Any one who carefully reads the whole passage will perceive that James Melville did not mean that only he and the King entered the cabinet, but that the deputation of four had a private interview with his Majesty. Andrew Melville was in the cabinet as well as his nephew, and so there was no occasion for his being an "eavesdropper"—a rôle he would have despised.

David Black, one of the most devoted and energetic ministers with which St. Andrews has ever been blessed, was summoned before the King and Privy Council at Falkland in 1595, and at Edinburgh in 1596. Dr. Hewison distinguishes the two cases; and yet he includes among his authorities for the first—"Privy Council Reg., V., *q.v.*," although it is not recorded in that Register. That reference, however, may be due to a mere clerical slip. But there are more serious slips in the paragraph concerning that case. It is hardly accurate to speak of David Black as "the newly appointed minister of St. Andrews"; and the manse he claimed was not "in the possession of William Balfour of Burley," inasmuch as William Balfour was not the Laird of Burley, but only his brother. The Laird, however, was the delator and accuser, and was present at the meeting of Privy Council. When Dr. Hewison stated that "To this meeting the Melvilles and Balfour came," he might have added that Andrew Melville was summoned as well as Black. After describing the lively encounter between Burley and Andrew Melville, it is explained that "the King was glad to patch up the peace, and with a jest he added that Melville and himself 'were both little men and their heart was at their mouth.'" Here again Dr. Hewison has misunderstood James Melville's language. The King's jest of the little men was intended to apply to Melville and Burley, not to Melville and the King.

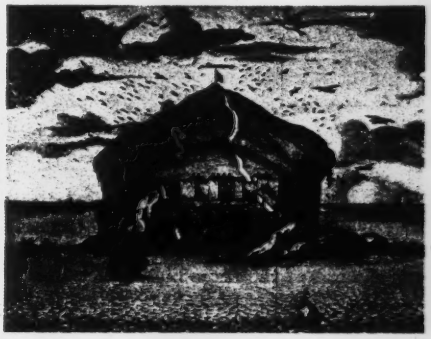
Having stated that Burley filled "the King's ear with a sinister report of Black's slanders upon the memory of Queen Mary," he might have mentioned that Black explained that he had commended his Majesty's mother "for manie grait and rare gifts, and excellent verteus," and had touched very sparingly and soberly the judgments which had come upon her "for refusing the wholesome admonitioun of the Word of God." After the witnesses were produced and examined, it was found that he had spoken "mikle guid of the King's mother," and had also spoken of "the judgments of God upon hir, in hir fall." As Black was one of the most outspoken of the sixteenth-century ministers, and, like Knox, never hesi-



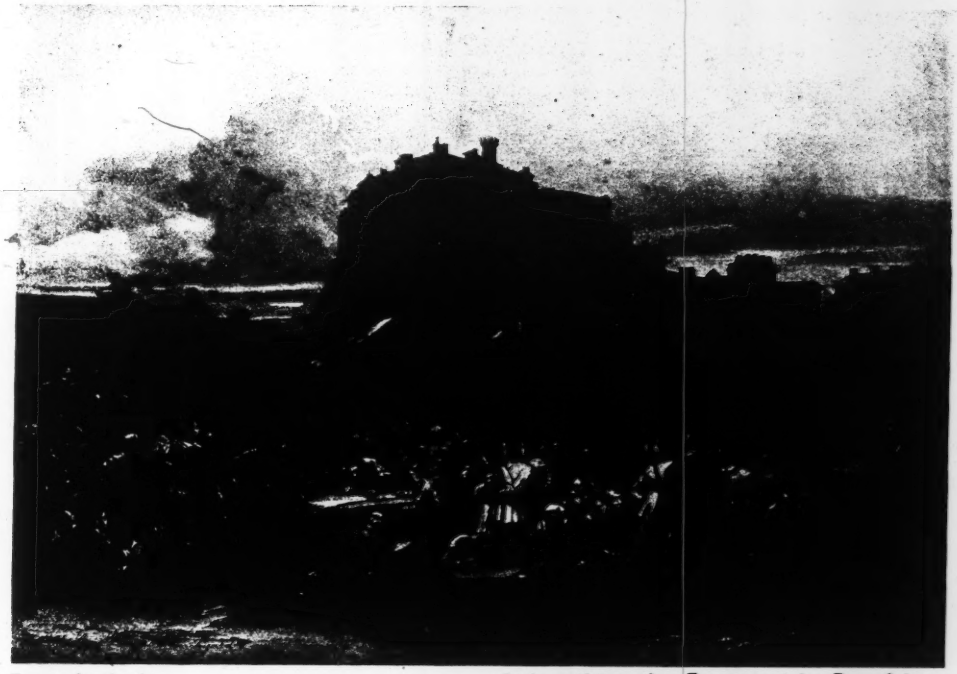
The Tolbooth of Edinburgh.
Prison of the Covenanters.



The Netherbow Port, Edinburgh.
Prison of the Covenanters.

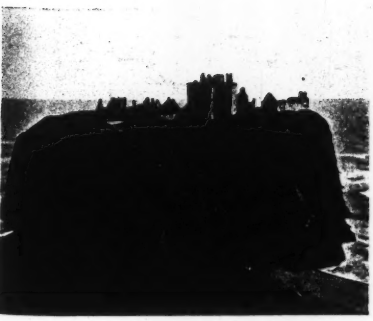


The Bass Rock.
Prison of the Covenanters.

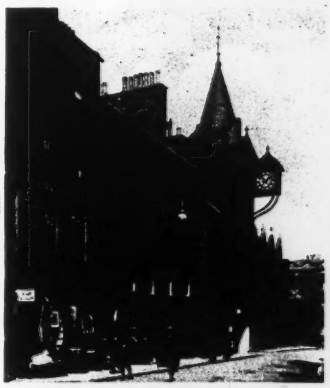


From a drawing by George Cattermole.

Subscribing the Covenant in Greyfriars Churchyard in 1638.



Dunnottar Castle.
Prison of the Covenanters.



The Canongate Tolbooth, Edinburgh.
Prison of the Covenanters.

The Whigs' Vault in Dunnottar Castle.
Prison of the Covenanters.

FAMOUS SCENES CONNECTED WITH THE COVENANTERS.

tated to call a spade a spade or a fig a fig, it is to be regretted that the details of the "mikle guid" which he spoke of Mary Stuart have not been recorded.

Regarding the literary output of Scotland, Dr. Hewison says: "According to Mr. H. G. Aldis's List of Books printed in Scotland before 1700 (Edin. 1904), only three hundred and twenty-four printed books, pamphlets, and proclamations, printed and published in the sixteenth century in Scotland are extant." That is the number given by Mr. Aldis up to the end of 1599; but, as the sixteenth century only ended with the year 1600, the number is really three hundred and forty-one. Three things, however, should have been noted by Dr. Hewison: (1) Mr. Aldis only printed his list as a "preliminary hand-list"; (2) that, of the three hundred and forty-one items printed before the close of 1600, only twenty-nine were printed before the overthrow of the old Church in 1560; and (3) that very large impressions of books of every kind were then printed.

In his account of Andrew Melville's literary productions, no reference is made to the recent discovery in Paris of his Latin version of several of the Psalms in MS. And in dealing with the Simsons, only three of Andrew's sons are mentioned as authors, Alexander, the minister of Merton, being ignored. Regarding the private libraries of ministers the following is interesting:

"The whole library of John Wynram, Superintendent of Fife, . . . was estimated to be worth £1 13s. 4d. James Melville of Kilrenny had books worth £2; David Fergusson of Dunfermline, £8 6s. 8d.; Buchanan of Ceres, £25; Scoogie (*i.e.* Scrogie) of Flisk, £33 6s. 8d.; and John Durie of Montrose, in 1600, £8 6s. 8d. Until the age of the Jacobite bishops, some of whom had large libraries, none of the sixteenth-century ministers had collections of books like that of Archbishop Gledstanes, valued at £111, of Bishop Forbes (1634), valued at £225; or that of James Nairne of Wemyss (1678), who left one thousand seven hundred and forty-three volumes to the University of Edinburgh."

It should be borne in mind, though this is not explained by Dr. Hewison, that the above sums are given in money sterling. Had they been given in money Scots, they would have sounded twelve times more. It should also be remembered that in many, if not most, of the cases, the books were probably under-valued, either wilfully or ignorantly. Dr. Hewison might have given a few extracts to show the respective prices at which certain books were valued in the inventories of the old Edinburgh printers and booksellers. Two bibliographical errors in the appendix may be pointed out. Sir Thomas Craig did not issue his "Jus Feudale" in 1659, for he was dead half a century before that date. Nor was Bishop Russell's biography of Archbishop Spottiswood published with the 1655 edition of Spottiswood's "History," for Bishop Russell was not born until the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Though I have dwelt on the errors and defects in this work, it is nevertheless a notable contribution to the literature of the subject, notable for the freshness of its treatment, the honesty of its purpose, and the forgotten facts it brings to light.

D. HAY FLEMING.

LORD CROMER'S "EGYPT."*

How very few Englishmen of the present generation—one in a thousand would be far too liberal an estimate—have any clear understanding of the reasons for the presence in Egypt of British troops and civilian officials at the present time! Even of members of Parliament only a small percentage could be relied on to give a correct outline of the circumstances which led to the alien British superseding the alien Turks in administering the affairs of the native Egyptians. Yet there is perhaps no chapter in our history better worth perusal, and never has it been, nor can it ever be again, so authoritatively and impartially set forth as in Lord Cromer's narrative of events *quorum pars magna fuit*.

It is the story of the fulfilment of a prophecy uttered sixty-four years ago, when Kinglake wrote in "Eothen" that "the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful." To falsify that prophecy was the deliberate and consistent policy of successive British ministers; never were any rulers more honest in refusing to interfere in the affairs of another country. Even in 1876, when Ismail Pasha's criminal folly had brought his country to bankruptcy, and France, Austria, and Italy each appointed a commissioner in the interest of the bondholders, Disraeli's Cabinet declined to nominate one. It was a Foreign Office principle that investors in foreign stocks should run their own risks: "Her Majesty's Government would not accept any responsibility." Then, when the pressure of public opinion became too strong for simple inaction, and it became evident that if the British Government held aloof Egypt would become a French province, Lord Salisbury, Foreign Minister in 1878, yielded so far as to instruct Lord Vivian to act in concert with the French representative, Baron de Michels. Here was the parting of ways. The first and unforeseen result was that the British Government incurred a share of responsibility in the oppression of the fellaheen. Intervention was strictly confined to putting pressure upon the Khedive to meet the obligations of the public debt; these could only be met by wringing fresh taxes from a miserable peasantry by means of the lash and other more refined kinds of torture. Complicity in such a system was impossible for Englishmen. Internal reform became essential, but that was out of the question under an autocrat of Ismail's character. Month by month the undertow became stronger, drawing England further and further into the troubled sea of Egyptian politics.

"The difficulties of the British Government were great. Their political interests in Egypt were of a nature which precluded total inaction. . . . Unless care were taken, the prophecy might be on the point of fulfilment, and the Anglo-Saxon race, in addition to responsibilities which were already world-wide, would have thrust upon it the burthen of governing Egypt. British diplomacy, which may at times have been mistaken, but which was certainly honest, did its best to throw off the Egyptian burden. But circumstances were too strong to be arrested by diplomatic action. Egypt was to fall to Kinglake's Englishman. Moreover, it was to fall to him although . . . not only did he not want to go there himself, but he struggled strenuously and honestly not to be obliged to go. The Moslem eventually accepted the accomplished fact, and muttered 'Kismet'; but the European, blinded by international jealousy, not unfrequently attributed the whole affair to a deep-laid plot, and found in British policy as regards Egypt another convincing proof of the perfidy of Albion."

Year by year, step by step, the obligation became more cogent. Minister after minister declared *ne plus ultra*, and presently found himself without honourable escape from deeper liability. England could have no hand in exacting payment of just debts without an effort to mitigate the frightful sufferings inflicted upon the taxpayers. Ismail proved an insuperable obstacle to any such mitigation, so England and France insisted on his deposition (1879). Mutiny after mutiny of the army assumed a nationalist character under Arabi in 1882. Lord Granville, earnestly anxious above all things to avoid armed intervention, found himself a partner with M. Gambetta in the Joint Note of January 8. A British minister may not issue such a note without showing he has power to enforce it, so the fleet went to Alexandria, with instructions to the Admiral, Lord Alcester, to cause work to be stopped on Arabi's new forts. The work went on and Alexandria was bombarded. The British occupation of Egypt had begun, Lord Granville assuring the Powers that it should cease "as soon as the state of the country and the organisation of proper means for the maintenance of the Khedive's authority will admit of it." The battle of Tel el Kebir settled Arabi's career, and he went into exile.

Meanwhile, in August, 1881, Mohammed Ahmed had proclaimed himself Mahdi, or the Deliverer, in the Soudan. He found his strength in the misery of the people, who, in these remote parts, only knew the Khedive's Government

* "Modern Egypt." By the Earl of Cromer. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

through the visits of corrupt tax-gatherers plying the courbash. In 1883 the southern province were in open rebellion: the Egyptian army was hopelessly disaffected and, besides, wholly unfit for service; nevertheless, General Hicks was sent out by the Egyptian Government to stem the Mahdi's northern progress, and to relieve the garrisons of Kordofan and the Equatorial fortresses. Three days after Hicks's column marched, Sir Evelyn Baring (now Lord Cromer) succeeded Sir Edward Malet as British Agent and Consul-General, holding strongly the opinion that the Egyptian Government had not the means of regaining authority over the Soudan, and that their only safe policy was to evacuate the southern provinces. But Baring had strict instructions to abstain from advising the Egyptian Government as to their course of action in the Soudan, or assuming the slightest responsibility in regard theretc. Two months later came the news that General Hicks and his army had been totally destroyed.

"It is to be regretted that Lord Granville did not, by timely interference, save the Egyptian Government from the consequences of their own want of foresight. Had he, acting on the views expressed by the various British authorities in Egypt, stepped in and forbidden the despatch of the Hicks expedition to Kordofan, not only would thousands of lives and the large sums of money which were subsequently squandered have been saved, but he would have deserved the gratitude of the Egyptian people, and would have saved his own country from that interference which he so much dreaded, and which was eventually precipitated by the negative policy adopted in the early stage of the proceedings. Lord Granville appears to have thought that he effectually threw off all responsibility by declaring that he was not responsible. There could not have been a greater error. The responsibility of the British Government for the general conduct of affairs in Egypt did not depend upon a few phrases thrown into a despatch and subsequently published in a parliamentary paper. It was based on the facts that the British Government were in military occupation of that country, that the weakness and inefficiency of the native rulers were notorious, and that the civilised world fixed on England a responsibility which it was impossible to shake off so long as the occupation lasted."

Though Lord Cromer has not shrunk from condemning that policy of drift to which the ministers of a democratic state are ever prone in foreign affairs, it must not be supposed that his criticism is indiscriminate, that he does not make full allowance for the difficulties of successive Foreign Ministers, or that he is at all disposed to screen the errors which, as the man on the spot, he now believes himself to have committed. He is as free to admit responsibility for having tendered advice which led to misfortune as he is slow to dwell upon those occasions when his advice was overruled with disastrous effect. For instance, in recounting the fate of General Baker's expedition to the relief of Tokar, he writes:

"Either General Baker should not have been sent to Suakin, or, if sent, he should have received no discretionary power to advance; in fact, it would have been better that he should have received positive orders not to advance. I was principally responsible for this mistake; that is to say, I could have prevented General Baker from going to Suakin, and although I knew the risk I was running, and although I thought seriously of imposing a veto on the expedition, I eventually decided not to do so."

Passages of similar tenour occur frequently in these pages. As it was impossible for Lord Cromer to efface himself from the narrative of events in which he played the leading part, he explains his own conduct with the same exact impartiality that he accords to the acts and motives of others. Never did the history of any people or period bring out more clearly how feeble is human counsel—how fallible is human foresight—in controlling international relations. It is not possible to bring within the limits of a single paper even a rude outline of Lord Cromer's eight-and-twenty years' administration. The book must be studied closely—a task rendered easy by the author's lucid style and orderly arrangement. There is not a dull or superfluous paragraph in the whole eleven hundred pages. But no notice of this work would be satisfactory without some allusion to the tragedy which still, in the memory of most Englishmen, overshadows the story of the British occupation of Egypt. Readers will turn most eagerly to the chapter relating the fate of Gordon and the fall of Khartoum.

In the winter of 1883, when the policy of abandoning the Soudan had been finally forced upon the Khedive's Government, it was necessary to send an officer of high rank to conduct the evacuation. A strong section of the British press was urging that "Chinese Gordon" was the man of all others for the task. Lord Granville telegraphed on December 1 to Lord Cromer asking whether he would have Gordon: Cromer replied No, he thought no Christian officer should be sent to Khartoum. On January 10, Granville repeated his offer of Gordon, and received the same reply. On the 14th Granville telegraphed again, and this time Lord Cromer consented reluctantly, "if Gordon will pledge himself to carry out the policy of withdrawing from the Soudan as quickly as possible."

"Looking back at what occurred after a space of many years, two points are to my mind clear. The first is that no Englishman should have been sent to Khartoum. The second is that, if any one had to be sent, General Gordon was not the man to send."

On January 21 Lord Cromer wrote to Lord Granville: "It is as well that Gordon should be under my orders; but a man who habitually consults the prophet Isaiah when he is in a difficulty is not apt to obey the orders of any one." And so it turned out. No sooner did Gordon reach Khartoum than he threw his instructions to the winds. He was under strict orders to bring away the garrison of Khartoum at the earliest possible moment; he refused to leave the other remote garrisons without relief; to do this he must "smash the Mahdi," and to that purpose all his efforts were directed, although this was directly contrary to his instructions. On November 19 he wrote in his journal: "If any emissary or letter comes up here ordering me to come down *I will not obey it*, but will stay here and fall with the town and run all risks."

Cromer's estimate of Gordon was right. He was not the man to conduct evacuation; but lest it be thought that Cromer was insensible of the nobility of Gordon's character, let this brief notice conclude with his tribute thereto:

"In the course of this narrative I have alluded to General Gordon's numerous inconsistencies. I have pointed out errors of judgment with which he may be justly charged. I have dwelt on defects of character which unsuited him for the conduct of political affairs. But, when all this has been said, how grandly the character of the man comes out in the final scene of the Soudan tragedy. History has recorded few incidents more calculated to strike the imagination than that presented by this brave man, who, strong in the faith which sustained him, stood undismayed amidst dangers which might well have appalled the stoutest heart. . . . Many a man before General Gordon has laid down his life at the call of duty. Many a man, too, has striven to regard death as a glad relief from pain, sorrow, and suffering. But no soldier about to lead a forlorn hope, no Christian martyr tied to the stake or thrown to the wild beasts of ancient Rome, ever faced death with more unconcern than General Gordon. His faith was sublime."

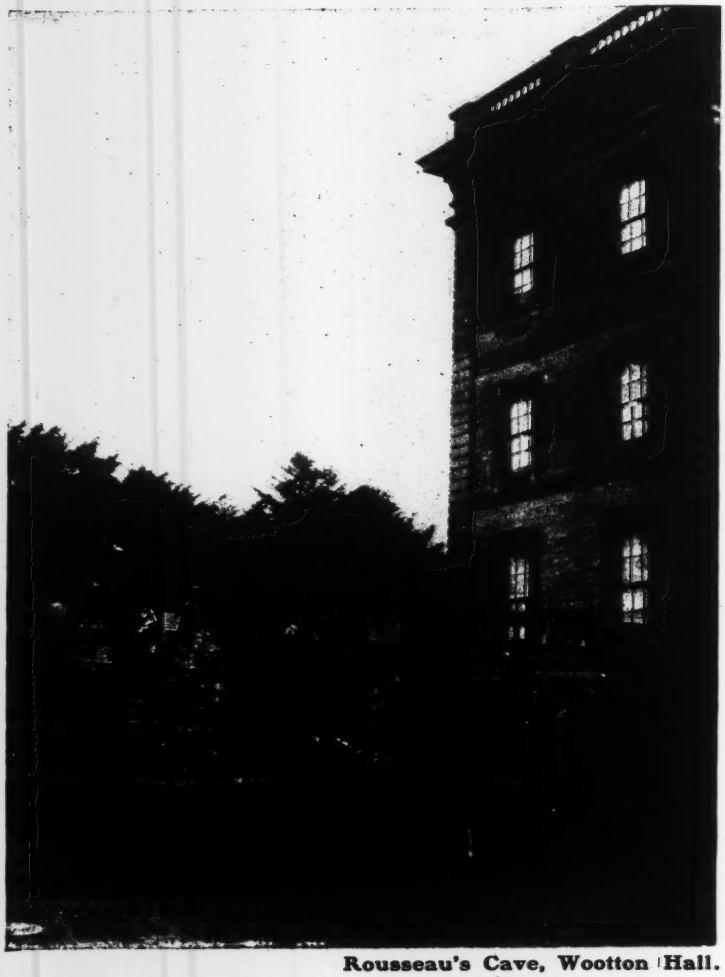
HERBERT MAXWELL.

ROUSSEAU IN ENGLAND.*

A book by Professor Churton Collins is sure to be well and solidly composed. He is the incarnation of the all-knowing Quarterly Reviewer of forty years ago, and he preserves all the traits of the great allusive and antithetic tradition; when the quarterlies stood upon an eminence of their own and looked over the heads of all but crowned heads, ministers, bishops, fellows of the Royal Society, of Oxford and Cambridge, and one or two odd savants. Books of which the general reader has never so much as heard are referred to magisterially as scandalous, jejune, brilliant, or famous. Adjectives are piled up with a Macaulayan certitude, and deviations from the reviewer's particular range of information or reference are regarded as inexpiable crimes. Such reviews often made a stir when they appeared. They were

* "Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England." By J. Churton Collins, Professor of English Literature in Birmingham University. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

remembered for as much as a dozen years, and referred to reverentially as *loci classici* on such and such a subject. They were not seldom reprinted. These essays are a case in point. The case, however, for reprinting such essays is much weaker than it was. The relative position of such work is much altered. The quarterly articles of fifty years since are transformed to-day into substantive volumes. The old material is diffused and recombined in new forms; and there seems very little point in furbishing up the old material in the old shape. The general reader will hardly find his account here, and for the student there is very little that is really new. Of Voltaire's two and two-thirds years' sojourn in England of 1726–9, of Montesquieu's two years' stay of 1729–31, of the issue of the *Henriade*, of the importance of Voltaire's *Lettres Anglaises*, of his appreciation of Pope, Addison, Locke, and Butler, of how Montesquieu and Voltaire derived their ideas of public virtue from English society, and of the former's dictum that one should travel in Germany, sojourn in Italy, and think in England, he will feel that he was in a general way fully conversant before. Supplementary detail would of course be welcome, but of supplementary detail there is exceedingly little in these three hundred pages of very large print. Upon the mental diathesis of Rousseau as conditioned by the crazy quarrel with Hume, Mr. Collins is able to throw no particularly valuable light. To compare his case with that of Tasso seems to us far-fetched. It probably had more in common with the morbid states of Cowper, Turner, Hugo, Ruskin. But to decide in such a difficult case would probably require the expert skill of a professed alienist. One of the chief *pièces de conviction*, according to Mr. Collins, is the portrait by Wright of Derby, a fine Rembrandtesque piece of work here reproduced. But he surely interprets it far too fancifully. We can see unmistakably only the portrait of an intellectual man worried almost to somnolence by something he is reading. It might be an advocate nodding over a tiresome brief. As to how far Rousseau's perversity was due to inflated vanity and how far to the malign influence of Thérèse, who found England inexpressibly dull, it were hard indeed to decide. Both Montesquieu and Voltaire were extremely frank when provoked on the subject of English failings. But they at least did us the compliment of studying our language, our institutions, and our ideas with admiring assiduity. Both were much flattered by their election to the dignity of F.R.S. Rousseau remained contemptuously aloof and described the language of Milton as a *terrible baragouin*, too rude for his polite ears to decipher. Needless to say, the book is written with dignity and solidity, but it is, four-fifths, a recompilation, and we are fain to admit that having set out with the best intentions we have perused it with languid interest and concluded it with the hope that Professor Collins will go on to give us something more original and more worthy of his well-known essays on Swift, Bolingbroke, Theobald, and Menander. A few slips confront the eye in passing. Ahlen on page 7 should be Ahlden, Pollnitz (*passim*) should be Pöllnitz. Adrienne Lecouvreur is hardly recognisable as Adrienne Le Conoreur (p. 285).



Rousseau's Cave, Wootton Hall.
From "Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England." (Nash.)

A MASTER'S WORK.*

The chief persons in Mr. Swinburne's new play are Pope Alexander VI., his mistress Vanozza, and their children, Lucrezia, Cesar, and Francesco Borgia—Francesco being Duke of Gandia. It is written in blank verse, and divided into four scenes; its centre is the assassination of the Duke by his brother's order. Cesar and Vanozza talk together, the son full of blasphemous banter and boasting, the mother a little tearful and anxious to know what her bold son is going to do—

> "What hungers in thy heart,
> And whither thou wouldst hurl the strenuous life
> That works within thee."

He throws out a hint when he replies: "Canst thou dream I had rather be Duke" (than Cardinal). Then the Duke enters, and a little afterwards the Pope. Alexander scents discord and bids the brothers be friends. "Friends?" says Cesar: "Friends? Our father on earth, thy will be done." Lucrezia comes in and there is more banter with a quarrel growing under it between the brothers. Cesar is no sooner alone than his agent Michelotto enters.

> "*Cesar*: I do not ask thee where my brother sleeps.
> And where to-morrow sees him yet asleep.
> *Mich.*: Ask of the fishers' nets in Tiber."

In the second scene, Michelotto kills Francesco as he comes singing out of a harlot's house. In the third Lucrezia and Alexander talk. He is ill at ease, and asks her if anything has made night "heavier with presage."

* "The Duke of Gandia." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

An officer comes in to announce a waterman of Tiber, who describes how he saw men come and sling a corpse into the stream. Francesco's body is brought in. The fourth act contains the next meeting of Alexander and Cesar, the father accusing the son of the murder, speaking at first bitterly and fearfully as if his own turn might come next, until Cesar bursts out, bidding his father combine with him to make a united Italy. Then Alexander merely wishes Cesar "could have spared" his brother. The play ends:

> "*Alex.*: I would I saw thine end,
> And mine; and yet I would not.
> "*Cesar*: Sire, good-night."

It is an odd performance, forty years after *Rosamond*. It can hardly be said to do more than provide opportunities for tableaux, and create an atmosphere by no means new of Borgian immorality and politics. Cesar's speeches, in particular, allied to becoming costume and gesture and voice, would give delight from the stage. When, for example, he bids his father join him in making Italy one, his words have the ingenuity and movement of Mr. Swinburne's mature blank verse:

> "I and thou,
> One, will set hand as never God hath set
> To the empire and the steerage of the world.
> Do thou forget but him who is dead, and was
> Nought, and bethink thee what a world to wield
> The eternal God hath given into thine hands,
> Which daily mould him out of bread, and give
> His kneaded flesh to feed on. Thou and I
> Will make this rent and ruinous Italy
> One."

But notice that "One." Some scores of times Mr. Swinburne gives way to the trick of using a word, often of only one syllable, as at once the first of a line and the last of a sentence or clause. Used as Shelley uses it in—

> "Is this the scene
> Where the old earthquake demon taught her young
> Ruin?"

there is no bolder means of laying emphasis on a word. It is an old trick of Mr. Swinburne's, but it is used so often that it is the most conspicuous thing in the play. Clearly, the piece can add nothing to such a reputation as his, but trifling as it is, it is as clearly a master's work.

HEREDITY.*

Professor Thomson has written an important work on an important question. A bibliography of fifty pages, with references to about five hundred writers, suggests problems at once difficult and fascinating, and the author has done full justice both to the difficulties and the fascinations of his subject.

"Heredity" is a term that crops up constantly both in conversation and in literature; yet the word is usually recklessly used, and the idea carelessly and vaguely conceived. The subject is so vast and so inchoate that the "man in the street" has merely glimpses of "the cloudy borders of its base," and is apt to mistake the mist for the mountain. The novelist, the priest, the politician, all use the idea "to point a moral and adorn a tale," but of the real relevancies and laws of heredity they know very little. To enlighten an interested ignorance is one of the objects of Professor Thomson's book, and so lucid and illuminating are his pages that the ignorance he fails to enlighten must be very incorrigible and very crass. "The new facts," he asserts, "are of especial interest to medical practitioners, to educationists, including clergymen, to social reformers, and to actual or prospective parents"; but it is difficult to imagine any mind to which they are not of interest, or any big social question to which they are not relevant: they are equally pertinent to Female Suffrage, to the Licensing and Education Bills, to the Black Problem, and to Chinese Labour. They are equally valuable to the farmer, to the dog-fancier, to the statesman, and to the bacteriologist.

Yet, fascinating, and interesting, and wide-reaching as the subject is, and many as have been the brains at work upon it, the science of heredity is still in its infancy, and bristles with unsolved and intricate problems.

Heredity is defined by Professor Thomson as "the genetic relation between successive generations," and the science of heredity endeavours to discover the general laws of development and growth which result in the likenesses and unlikenesses found between parents and offspring, ancestors and descendants, so that we may be able to foresee, and perchance control, the characteristics, mental and bodily, of coming generations.

Why do children resemble their parents? Why do they differ from them? What has been and will be the net result of these likenesses and unlikenesses? In how far are they germinal, and in how far environmental? In how far are they inevitable, and in how far can we regulate them? All these, and many similar questions, come within the purlieu of heredity.

Probably the most important practical question of heredity is the question whether acquired characteristics are transmissible and transmitted, and specially round this question has controversy raged. "A grave responsibility," says Herbert Spencer, "rests on biologists in respect of the general question, since wrong answers lead, among other effects, to wrong beliefs about social affairs, and to disastrous social actions."

The doctrine that acquired characteristics are inherited, was first formulated by Lamarck, and is therefore sometimes knownas "Lamarckism." According to this doctrine the giraffe acquired its long neck because its ancestors gradually lengthened their necks by stretching them, and transmitted to their offspring the resultant longer necks.

The doctrine that acquired characteristics are not transmitted has been promulgated particularly by Weismann, and is therefore sometimes known as "Weismannism." Weismann's own words are as follows: "Characters can only be inherited in so far as their rudiments are already given in the germ-plasm."

The question is still open, but Professor Thomson, after a most comprehensive and impartial survey of the evidence, sums up that "there is no convincing evidence in support of the affirmative position, and that there is strong presumption in favour of the negative." Professor Thomson further points out that this verdict "lends greater importance, on the one hand, to a good 'nature,' to secure which is the business of careful mating; and, on the other hand, to good 'nurture,' to secure which for our children is one of our most obvious and binding duties."

One of the most interesting parts of Professor Thomson's work deals with the law of ancestral inheritance. It is now quite established that, among the higher animals, the offspring acquires characteristics from both parents and from its ancestors, and some years ago Galton formulated as follows his "Law of Ancestral Inheritance": "The two parents contribute between them, on the average, one half or (·05) of the total heritage of the offspring; the four grandparents, one quarter, or $(0{\cdot}5)^2$; the eight great-grandparents one-eighth or $(0.5)^3$; and so on." The importance and interest of this law is self-evident.

In Chapter X. there is a full and lucid exposition of Mendel's famous law—a law of the utmost value to breeders, and in some respects "worthy to rank with those that laid the foundations of the atomic laws of chemistry."

Finally, Professor Thomson discusses the social aspects of biological results, and asserts that "there can be no doubt that it would *pay* the British nation to put aside a million

* "Heredity." By J. Arthur Thomson. 9s. (John Murray.)

a year for research in eugenics, or the improvement of the human breed."

Professor Thomson is to be congratulated on a book comprehensive, accurate, lucid, and just—a book of value not only to the scientist and specialist, but to every thinking man. It is probably the best book on the subject in the English language.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

GEORGE THE FIFTH. *

George Bryan Brummell reigned by right of conquest. He subjugated a society which was select, not very intelligent, and considerably debauched. Had it been more intelligent Brummell would probably have been cold-shouldered out of existence; had it been ruder and rougher his chance of departing on the abrupt and undignified compulsion of assassination would have been great. The Court of Queen Mary at Edinburgh might have blown him sky-high with Darnley. Charles II. might have been amused for a time by his airs and graces, but would have discovered ere long the nakedness of his wit. The Regent was probably the only monarch, or budding monarch, in English history capable of providing a proper background for the gambols of a creature with so meagre a mind, so daring a capacity, so complete a self-assurance, so magnificent a mastery of the weapon of impudence.

The character and achievement of Brummell could be studied from many points of view. It is open to any modern Swift to scorch the man's memory with satire. A new Rabelais may render it genial with boisterous laughter. M. Anatole France can, if he cares, wrap it round with fine irony. We can fancy Father Bernard Vaughan or one of those spiritual daughters of Savonarola who write our denunciatory novels drawing a terrifying comparison between the Beau in his prosperity and the Beau in his wretched decline, showing how idleness does not prosper and assumption is "taken down." These and others that might be suggested are either mentally diverting or morally profitable ways of regarding the strange history of George the Fifth, but doubtless there is no better way than that chosen by M. Roger Boutet de Monvel, who just tells the story—simply, gracefully, and with a minimum of bias or reflection (as a good Frenchman should)—leaving us to lift up hands of horror, to smile complacently at the superiority of our own beaux and our own times, or to regret that some colour has departed from that patch of earth on which Society disports itself—whichever we will.

The French authority of the book is revealed in nothing more significantly than in this inclination to leave the facts free to make an impression as variable as the character of the readers. Your French writer can moralise if he be so minded—none better; but he is unsurpassed in the power of keeping his subject out of fetters. M. de Monvel only falls from grace when he arrives at his last two pages, and there, one is sorry to find, he condescends to notice the practical people who "will naturally fail to see that his (Brummell's) mode of life contributed anything to the general sum of human happiness," and who may be expected also to "characterise as immoral the means which he used to pay his debts." Having sacrificed so far to that portentous monstrosity, the "utilitarian spirit of the age," M. de Monvel kicks down the altar. "But Brummell, Beau Brummell," he cries blandly but decisively, "was it possible for him to submit to ordinary laws, and can we descend to the level of the pedant or the usher by judging him as we judge the ordinary man?" This is so good and true that it leaves us unprepared for the crushing wit of "Let it not be forgotten that Brummell was a dandy, and that the characteristic of a dandy is before all else to be good for nothing." Barbey d'Aurerilly shot nearer the mark when he observed—"George Brummell was a great artist in his own style. He gave pleasure by means of his person as others give pleasure by means of their works. His value consisted in himself."

Mr. Lewis Melville, in "The Beaux of the Regency," agrees to a very great extent with this view of the King of the Dandies. To him, as to M. de Monvel, Brummell is "le Dandyisme même," and he declines the moraliser's pulpit as absolutely as the French writer. But he shows more inclination to take up arms in defence of his hero, less aptitude for regarding him coldly as a subject. He complains that those who have written of Brummell, with notable exceptions, have taken him *au grand sérieux*, and "have not been able to enter into the spirit of his humour." Mr. Melville sees in Brummell not only a magnificent *poseur*, but one who "was never so happy as when amusing himself at the expense of the fools and fops." Certainly this is the easier conception. It avoids much difficulty, saving us the effort of comprehending an impudence and egotism so abnormal as are expressed in the Beau's most famous sayings. To set him down as a humorist who chaffed others and himself at one and the same time is to put a higher value on Brummell's intelligence than those generally accepted. But it diminishes his importance as an artist by hinting that he was very largely an actor, a mere player on the weaknesses of others, and not the pure creator of a new importance in the trivial. Yet there is so good a warrant for the appeal to humour that a holder of the artistic throng is rendered quite uncomfortable, and feels thankful that Mr. Melville does not labour the point. A compromise does not seem beyond the bounds of the possible. Let us by agreeing that Brummell was no humorist rescue him for art; then, to placate the holders of the opposite theory, allow that his sense of human weaknesses was keen enough to force him to play upon such frailty with a talent which for want of a better word may pass as humour.

Mr. Melville might object to M. de Monvel's employment of the phrase "good for nothing" in connection with Brummell. If so, we can sympathise with his resentment without losing a certain pleasure in the phrase.

The practical person in his most material development has a habit of thinking that between the good-for-nothing and the artist is a distinction but no difference. Time would be wasted in comforting him. It may well be argued, however, that Brummell was the greatest of dandies because he was good for nothing save his art. Herein lies his immeasurable superiority to Count D'Orsay, often described as the Last of the Dandies. D'Orsay had interests beyond the fit of his coat and the arrangement of his cravat. In M. de Monvel's book, as if to confound D'Orsay, has been inserted his portrait of Byron. He sketched! Brummell had no energy to waste on such foppery. Sufficient for him to bestow the portion of intelligence with which nature had endowed him on the sublime task of appearing fair; a task that included the minor duty of keeping society in its place of subservience to George Bryan Brummell, its king and tyrant, though its hanger-on. Considering the success with which the feat was accomplished during a long term of years; remembering also that (in the tailor's opinion) the Regent himself was but a good second to the Beau; one finds a difficulty in forgiving the neglect and utter lack of charity shown by His Majesty King George IV. towards the poor distressed exile whom he had embarrassed by brute force rather than cunning or skill. We say embarrassed, not conquered; for Brummell, kicked out, frowned on, imprisoned, turned into a useless Consul, often deprived of ready money (though he retained a marvellous knack of discovering a friend to fleece) was never trodden under foot. In every difficulty he preserved his dandiacal soul, sending consternation through

* "Beau Brummell and his Times." By Roger Boutet de Monvel. With a chapter on Dress and the Dandies by Mary Craven. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"The Beaux of the Regency." By Lewis Melville. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

the Caen gaol by insistence on washing and decorously dressing his person, consoling his last lunacy by posturing (himself the brilliant throng) as the observed of all observers. On the beautiful harmony of his life—which the practical person calls silly and tragic—M. de Monvel speaks a wise and welcome word: "For the benefit of his future biographers, we may point out what difficulty he would have caused us if he had compromised the fair consistency of his career by the smallest profitable or sensible action, what regret we should have felt if he had stupidly shattered his future by some tardy reformation!" Some may read irony into the sentence: we cling to our own description—wise and welcome.

Whatever else Brummell was, there cannot be the slightest doubt that he deserved the title Mr. Melville has awarded him—the Supreme Dandy. Mr. Melville has unearthed a number of tributes to his supremacy, some from the man's own acquaintance, others from himself in the form of expressed ideals of what a dandy should be. As to the former, those who saw the man for the first time after hearing stories of his elegance and grandeur were amazed by his simplicity of adornment. The latter—the tributes from the Beau's own lips—are essentialised in his correction of the ignoramus who remarked that So-and-so was so well dressed that people turned to look at him. "'Then,' said the Beau decisively, 'he was *not* well dressed.'" Great words, full of the very poetry of clothes!

The Exquisite.

By George Cruikshank. (From "The Beaux of the Regency," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.)

Moreover, Mr. Melville quietly demonstrates this supremacy by introducing us to the company which crawled at Brummell's heels. Men with noble names, many of them, but how inferior to the leader! Vulgar in their lives and their amours—gay, rollicking dogs—they serve admirably in these pages as foils to throw into more radiant prominence the chief figure. At the same time—to be fair to them—we must admit their interest. Mr. Melville has ransacked memoirs for their liveliest sparkles, and his book abounds in good stories, flashes of wit, scraps of scandal such as few of us can despise, to say nothing of a series of caricatures of the kind which our great-grandfather found so prodigal of raillery and laughter.

Before parting with Brummell the scrutators of his destiny and achievement should not forget the boons which this good-for-nothing, this artist, this most complete monarch, has conferred upon his fellow-men. What has Fox left but a memory wherein gaiety, good temper, and elo-

From a caricature.

The Marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.

Charles James Fox is holding Mrs. Fitzherbert's left hand, and Colonel Hanger's head can be seen between them; Lord North is seen sitting fast asleep. (From "Beau Brummell and his Times," by kind permission of Mr. Eveleigh Nash.)

quence glimmer like ghosts? What has Gibbon left but a history that no practical person dreams of reading? What has George IV. left but material for innumerable biographies each at variance with the rest on the quality of his heart and matrimonies? Whereas the Beau has given us clean shirts and collars—things that everybody can see and enjoy. With all his heart and soul he believed in "clean linen and plenty of it," and that in an age which did not worry the laundress over-much. Without taxing our generosity or burdening our conscience we may credit this great man with setting a fashion still honoured by the modern man, and through him bountiful in blessing to those two lustrous professions, the laundry and the haberdashery.

THOMAS LLOYD.

Novel Notes.

THE RED PERIL. By Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

When Mr. Coulson Kernahan sets himself to write a sensational novel, he may be relied upon to do the thing thoroughly. He has the art, or the trick, or whatever else you may prefer to call it, of piquing a reader's curiosity at the outset and then cunningly drawing him on from chapter to chapter with new and unlooked-for developments of danger and mystery and adventurous enterprise. Inspecting an empty house at Brighton, having returned to it after dark bent upon making up his mind whether he will take it, Arthur Maxwell surprises a party of conspirators, an American, two Germans, and a Pole, who are hatching a scheme that "is not good for England, but it is good for Germany." His presence is discovered, and through four breathless chapters his life is in imminent danger, especially when they find upon him a letter from a friend of his whom they have reason to regard as their most formidable enemy. The scheme, briefly, is one, with a league of unscrupulous American financiers at the back of it, for bringing about a war between this country and Germany and cornering the food supplies of the world, and bound up with this is the sale to Germany of the secret of manufacture of a new and terrible bomb that bursts without a sound and spreads death where it falls by means of poisonous gases. In the course of his daring attempts to thwart this conspiracy, Maxwell falls into the hands of the German military, and the latter part of the book, in which no less a personage than the Kaiser himself plays a prominent part, is concerned with his captivity and the manner of his escape, and the averting, for the time being, of a disastrous war. Mr. Kernahan seems to favour some policy of conscription in England, and sounds a note of warning at the close that cannot be sounded too loudly or too often. This is a brilliant piece of imaginative work, full of interest and excitement, and fashioned with the knowledge and ripe craftmanship that Mr. Kernahan brings to everything he writes.

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Upon a consideration of Mrs. Thurston's very great success one would have postulated her ability to dispense with the Adelphic conventions upon which she has fallen back for the closing scenes of her latest novel. Till her last chapter, she is drawing from the life: the Daisys and Marys and Owen Powers of a provincial town like Waterford are as she shows them to us, Stephen is recognisable, if rare, and Isabel, until that fatal chapter, is possible. It is very true that young girls sometimes fall in love with married men, who have in time been known to emerge triumphant from a keen mental struggle resolved, Crichton-like, "to play the game." We take no exception to the main outlines of Mrs. Thurston's theme. With a little effort we can swallow everything that she offers us, saving that unfortunate tumblerful of "cool red liquid." The Fly on the Wheel is Isabel, a maiden of mixed Irish and Spanish descent, who comes back from school in Paris engaged to Frank Carey, to whom Stephen is giving, as with the rest of his younger brothers and sisters, his start in life. Isabel, being penniless, is esteemed in Waterford circles an indifferent match, and Stephen threatens Frank with a stoppage of supplies unless the engagement be broken off. To this end he interviews Isabel, Frank having proved rebellious, and accomplishes his object. Not without falling in love himself though, unconscious of it as he is perhaps at first, and awakening in the bosom of the damsel a fire of passion that quickly extinguishes any feeble spark of affection she may ever have entertained for the rather hardly used Frank. Stephen has already contracted, for reasons of expediency, a marriage with the frivolous and empty-headed Daisy Norris. He is beginning to lose his head when Father James, the guardian of the family honour, contrives to reason him into a proper course. Isabel, heart-broken and without hope, declares the only approximation to happiness left her to be the consciousness that she "hates him so absolutely much," and drops poison into Stephen's wine-glass. The good father points out that her lover is suffering equally with herself. She takes the glass from Stephen's hand, and drains it. We might afford the book higher praise than to characterise it as something rather better than "The Mystics." Viewing her work in a certain light, we would say, in justice to its author, that it displays many qualities which we can justly characterise as admirable.

MISS LUCY: A Character Study. By Christabel Coleridge. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is a pleasant story of country life in the Midlands, and the style is unambitious but effective. The central figure is Miss Lucy Leigh, the grand-daughter of a baronet, and she marries a poetic gamekeeper, a man of ideals. They have three children, and the lives of these children are told with easy skill. There are complications on account of the mother being an aristocrat and the father a peasant; but in the end all comes well. It is a book that is fairly free from excitement, and its interest is provided chiefly by character studies which are ingeniously interwoven with the tale. Miss Coleridge writes in the manner of an experienced craftsman, and her sentences, though simple, have about them nothing of the amateur. They are also free from word-painting; and the descriptions of scenery, like the conversations, are direct and telling.

FLOWER O' THE ORANGE. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Methuen.)

In this collection of short stories Mr. and Mrs. Castle display the delightful qualities that have given them a name as writers of romance. There is an air of charm about each brief tale; and only the most pacific will object to the prevalence of sword-play—a matter on which Mr. Castle writes with expert authority, he himself being a fencer of subtle ability. Here and there, however, even those who love fights and the clash of steel may find too much technicality in the description of a duel. The scene of the story which gives the title to the book is laid in Galloway, and the hero is Simon Carmichael of Eagernesse, one of the old fighting lairds of Scotland, whose return to Galloway after the death of his wife, from whom he has been separated, is celebrated by a dinner, which is described with rare zest. It is then that we meet Flower o' the Orange, a young lady whose effectiveness might have been

more complete had she not displayed a Castle-like anxiety to stab a man with a knife. In the end there is an alliance between Eagernesse and Flower o' the Orange, and this is led up to with delicate skill. One of the ablest stories is "Hagar of the Farm," which deals not with swords, but with human love.

THE WATCHERS OF THE PLAINS. By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum is rapidly taking a foremost place among living writers of romantic adventure. His stories are all of the open air and the stir and stress of life in the picturesque northern wilds of America. The central character of "The Watcher of the Plains" is Nevil Steyne, a sinister, fascinating figure, a man who banished himself from his own country when his father quarrelled with him and left his inheritance to a younger brother. At the outset, he receives a letter from this brother saying he has never acquiesced in the father's injustice, he has put aside half the estate, its profits have been accumulating for him all these years, and he is now coming out with his wife and daughter to see him and persuade him to return home. Instead of being touched by his brother's affection, Nevil sees only that if these three who are coming were to die in the wilderness he would inherit not half but the whole of what he feels should be his. He has long since incurred the contempt of the settlers by throwing in his lot with the Indians; he marries the daughter of a chief; and in good time he moves his adopted tribe to one of its periodical risings, and his brother and sister-in-law, coming over the plains with a scanty escort, are designedly the first victims of the outbreak. Their daughter, a child of twelve, carried off unconscious and apparently dead, is rescued by Seth Sampson, and nursed and adopted by Seth's foster-parents, and it is her survival, and the ultimate revelation of her identity, that mars Nevil's schemes. There are some vividly realistic pictures of life on the Indian reservations, some stirring descriptions of perilous enterprise and grimly savage fighting and a fascinating love-story that is the sweeter and more charming for the ruggedness and menace of danger that are its background and environment. Mr. Cullum has the virile imagination, the gusto and cunning narrative gift of the born teller of tales.

A PROPHET'S REWARD. By E. H. Strain. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mrs. Strain has written an uncommonly interesting romance of eighteenth-century Scotland. Colonel Stirling has been away with the Pretender in France for thirty-two years, and returns to his native land, weary of long wandering and futile strife, willing to settle down in peace. He is regarded as the heir of his Uncle James, and looks to be welcomed by the old man; but passing near the schoo' before he arrives at the Big House, he stops to speak with the schoolmaster, a strange, dreamy, crippled fellow who has a weird gift of second-sight. Gazing at him, before he has been told who he is, the schoolmaster mutters, "Ay, ay! The Laird's nephew from France. He thinks he's by wi' troubles and wars, but there's troublesome times in front o' him as well as ahint him. He that comes lookin' for a sure welcome may find himsel' cast oot in the cauld; he that hopes naething from his nearest kin may find warm hearts to welcome him." And so it turns out: Uncle James is a bitter and bigoted Jacobite, and will have no dealings with a man who is abandoning the cause, and turns him out of doors; whilst the Colonel's sister and her husband, his political opponent, receive him with open arms, help him to recover his estate and to begin life afresh. The story is leavened with a charming love interest, but tells, in the main, of the baffled, brave endeavours of a man who sets himself to rouse the people to put an end to existing corruptions and injustices and to bring about certain righteous and needful reforms in the country's laws. He is the prophet of the tale, and meets with the prophet's usual reward.

HIS FINAL FLUTTER. By Henry Potts. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

As in his previous novel Mr. Henry Potts has written a story which combines romance, horse-racing, and criminal law. The best character in the book is Nathaniel Jones, the clever little lawyer's clerk. He it is who discovers that Mr. Robert Sykes, Jim Lewinson's rival for the hand of Nellie Marsden, is really a Soho bookmaker who is leading a double life in more ways than one. He it is, too, who frustrates the efforts of Sykes and his party to lame the horse upon which Jim Lewinson has built his hopes of winning the Cesarewitch, and gives the most telling evidence at their trial. In all these activities Nathaniel Jones goes about his work with the coolness and skill of a Sherlock Holmes. As may be expected, everything comes right in the end, but not before several awkward situations have been faced.

As a novel of the turf this is one of the best which has appeared for some time. Racing men will delight in a story told by a man so thoroughly acquainted with his subject, while opponents of horse-racing should be equally interested in a novel which so ruthlessly exposes much of the chicanery incidental to this pursuit. Mr. Potts has hardly a finished literary style, but this book is a distinct advance upon his previous effort, and if he can get rid of a certain jerkiness and abruptness, he ought to make a name for himself in his own particular line.

THE FIFTH QUEEN CROWNED. By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Nash.)

"The Fifth Queen Crowned" is so good that one wonders why it is not better. The diction glows with imagination; there are brilliant and vividly picturesque bits of description; dramatic scenes handled with a shrewd sense of the drama of them; and the leading characters—Henry VIII., Queen Katharine, the Princess Mary, Cranmer—are realised with an amazing insight, and fashioned into living human creatures; but Mr. Hueffer has a fatal aptness to run to words—he dallies to describe, to expound, to explain, when he should be making his point with a crisp, decisive stroke. He is never tedious, because he writes so well; but he spoils his effects at times by writing too much. That is a thrilling and excellent dramatic moment when to save her women from further torture Katharine comes into the Council Chamber and shames the King and her enemies by confessing to all they have made up their minds to prove against her, but she should not have been allowed, at this crisis, to unburden herself in a speech that runs to nearly five pages; a good speech, but unnecessary and undramatic, and one is wickedly tempted to smile on reading at the end of it, "The King had staggered back against the long table; his jaw fell open; his head leaned down upon his chest." This is how not to do it; and one protests because Mr. Hueffer knows so well how to do it, and proves that he does by the crisp, telling terseness with which he ends the story on the next page.

THE HUMAN BOY AGAIN. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

It is a delight to have further stories in the style of "The Human Boy," the success of which was so great and so well deserved. The new sketches of life at a boys' boarding-school are dedicated to "Mark Twain, Father of 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn,' those Human Boys"; and the book is worthy of a disciple of the American humorist. Those who know Mr. Phillpotts only as the

author of such works as "Lying Prophets" and "Children of the Mist," those powerful novels of the West of England, may be surprised to find that one who could write these serious works could write also "The Human Boy Again," with its ingenious and mightily amusing tales of schoolboy tricks, pranks, and experiences. Like "Stalky & Co.," the book confines itself wholly to a few schoolboys and their masters, but it is a "Stalky & Co." with the savagery left out and geniality substituted. One of the most amusing tales is about a boy who was steeped in Sherlock Holmes and came to terrible grief through his attempts to apply the methods of the Master to a theft of a pencil-sharpener; and another good story concerns itself with the bankruptcy of a boy who, when told he must pay "so much in the pound," said that that was all right, but that he hadn't got the pound. It is to be trusted that Mr. Phillpotts will give us more "Human Boy."

THE RED NEIGHBOUR. By W. J. Eccott. 6s. (Blackwood.)

One expects good work from the author of "Fortune's Castaway" and "His Indolence of Arras," and in "The Red Neighbour" one gets very good work. The time—like that of the second-mentioned novel—is that of Louis Quatorze, and the scene France. The figures are chiefly aristocrats, most prominent among them being the Marquise de Polignac and the Marquis, who is at the War Office with De Louvois, and subtly-clever portraits of such people are presented. But the most picturesque figures are the Red Neighbour, the clever, low-born woman who moves through the story from start to finish; the dashing and unscrupulous Count de Roubaix; the quack doctor Levani—a fellow of infinite impudence and resource; and the swindling army contractor, Bocal, who comes from the Midi and has many sayings of this quality: "Lend a man money, and he cannot move against you. Lend him more, and he will move for you." Part of a highly effective plot has to do with the relations of Bocal with the Red Neighbour, who aims at bigger business than the getting of ladies of birth into her power by selling love-philtres and cosmetics to some, and poisons to others. She is charged with being indirectly responsible for the murder of a citizen, having, it is said, sold poison to his wife; and the scene with the Red Neighbour in the torture-chamber is one of the grimmest and most powerful in the book. The intrigues, including love-affairs; military operations between the French and the Germans; and the corrupt schemes of the army contractors, are described with rare zest and raciness. To those who have read any work by Mr. Eccott, it is almost superfluous to add that "The Red Neighbour" is remarkably well written.

THE COTTAGE ON THE FELLS. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

When in pursuit of a master criminal, the author declares, "you are not following the traces of feet, but the workings of a brain." The common criminal may be taken by the methods of a Sherlock Holmes, who is just the sort of person one would choose to follow one if one were a criminal. His method would possibly capture a bricklayer who had murdered his wife, but no one else, least of all a criminal of such mental acuteness as the sculptor-murderer of Dr. Stacpoole's story. We are shown in the character of Klein the study of a fiend, a maniac who is not only a consummate artist in stone and bronze, but is possessed of an acute and calculating intelligence, and a periodic lust for blood which must at all costs be satisfied. The account of Klein's methods of procedure when he is accomplishing one of his favourite murders displays a wonderful ingenuity in the author, and it would be unfair, having regard to the novel features of his plot, that we should give it here. The tale is an absorbing study in criminal psychology that we can hardly imagine to be the work of an author who has achieved so notable a mastery in an utterly different department of fiction, and it is the fact that traces of the hand that gave us the delightful "Blue Lagoon" are nowhere in evidence. Yet the thing is done, as in the case of Dr. Stacpoole's last book, about as well as we can hope to see it done. It is really nothing more than a detective story, but it is the detective story apotheosised. The mathematical solution of a problem seemingly quite impossible of any solution at all inevitably invites a comparison with "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and the indescribably eerie atmosphere of certain portions of the book may also be found reminiscent of the author of that greatest of stories from the fiction of crime. We hasten to add our opinion that Dr. Stacpoole has done a great deal more than keep within lines suggested by the work of Poe. He has brought to the task an originality of conception all his own, and the rather slender thread of "love interest" running through the story is treated with that delicacy in which he has proved himself a past master.

The Bookman's Table.

THE POETS—CHAUCER TO TENNYSON. Impressions by W. Stebbing. 2 vols. 8s. net. (Frowde.)

Poetry from Chaucer to Tennyson includes a panorama more extensive than eight hundred pages can possibly adequately display; and Mr. Stebbing has rightly called his volumes *Impressions*. As serious criticism, his essays have little value; while as general impressions, they are interesting and illuminating. Even as impressions, however, his essays are not entirely successful. An impressionist may be bold, but he must also be discreet; and Mr. Stebbing, if we may use a slang phrase, "lays it on a bit thick." He suspects this himself, and in his preface he remarks: "Perhaps I am rather vain of my liability to a passion of enthusiasm, and invite participation." Alas! the vanity sometimes effects the sanity, or at least the sobriety, of his judgments. He is a genuine enthusiast, but we should be more inclined to participate in his enthusiasm if he "enthused" a little less. He revels in superlatives: eight hundred pages glow with them; and though he is sincere and paints what he sees, yet he wears such rosy spectacles that he does not quite see what he paints. Often, too, his painting is not only too rosy, but also blurred. A sentence like the following is not uncommon: "The brain reeling thence soothes itself notwithstanding the encroaching waves even here of wrangling politics, in the Ode to the Departing Year with its proud invocation."

Praise is a privilege, but it is also a responsibility, and in the present day there are too many "vain of a liability to a passion for enthusiasm." Mr. Stebbing's enthusiasm is harmless in so far as it affects the reputation of the poets, and it is delightful in its *naïveté*; but still it does not convince, and after a few hundred pages it begins to cloy, and defeats its own purpose.

The quotations—from about 150 poets—are well chosen, and merely as an anthology the book has considerable value, though it is somewhat strange that Sydney Dobell and Christina Rossetti should be grudged a place amid the elect.

It is always pleasant to meet with an enthusiastic poet-lover, and one would like to praise Mr. Stebbing's impressions as cordially as he has praised his poets; but we can only say that we could have praised the critic more if he had praised his poets less. The chief lack of the book is lack of sense of proportion.

SIXTY YEARS OF PROTECTION IN CANADA. By Edward Porritt. 5s net. (Macmillan.)

In writing this book Mr. Porritt makes no secret of his sympathy with Free Trade. He deplores the lack of political ideals and principles at Ottawa, and finds the reason for this in the Protectionist movement, which, he says, supported by little more than two thousand manufacturers, has obtained a hold "over both political parties, and especially, since 1897, over the leaders of what was once the Liberal party of the Dominion." Any adequate criticism of Mr. Porritt's most able and interesting book can hardly be attempted outside a professedly economic journal, and it must be enough here to indicate the scope of his work. After an introductory chapter on "The Grip of the Protected Interests on the Government and the Press," Mr. Porritt goes on to discuss the repeal of the Corn Laws in this country, and shows how from this sprang four distinct movements in Canada—the movement for a reciprocity treaty with the United States, the movement for a National Policy, the organisation of a Free Trade League, and the agitation for annexation to the United States. Each of these is in turn discussed by Mr. Porritt, but of course most stress is laid upon the National Policy which was first really put into operation by Sir John Macdonald, and has now been adopted and extended by the Ministry of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. This policy is treated very fully, and Mr. Porritt comes to the conclusion that "it can never be practicable to interlace a Protectionist system in England to a Protectionist system in Canada or in any other British Colony in which manufacturers are protected." Mr. Porritt's work has been most carefully done, and his book should be read by those who agree or disagree with him alike.

THE CHARM OF THE ENGLISH VILLAGE. By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A. Illustrated by Sydney R. Jones. 7s. 6d. net. (B. T. Batsford.)

Mr. P. H. Ditchfield is already known by his books on old English sports, parish clerks, and English villages. He now describes some of the same things, but regards them chiefly from the point of view of the lover of the picturesque; of history he gives little or nothing. He takes a wide field—too wide a field for a book of this size; for he includes Worcester, Devon, Dorset, Oxford, Berkshire, Kent, Suffolk, Northampton, and Cheshire. It would have been well could he have confined himself to the county which he seems to know best—Berkshire. Out of that he could have made an admirable composite village as a type. But the artist has gone far and wide, and Mr. Ditchfield follows him about with a few words of comment on a variety of old churches, manor-houses, cottages, inns, bridges, roofs, walls, doorways, fireplaces, windows, gardens, inn-signs, barns, pigeon-houses, pillories, crosses, etc. Mr. Ditchfield is not a descriptive artist, but an antiquarian, and he is inclined to mingle the technical and the picturesque in a not wholly satisfactory way. But here certainly is a great deal of important and charming information to be had with little trouble. He begins with the village in general.

"No country in the world," he says, "can boast of possessing half the charm and picturesqueness of our English cottages and hamlets. Wander where you will, in Italy or Switzerland, France or Germany, and when you return home you will be bound to confess that in no foreign land have you seen a village which for beauty and interest can compare with the scattered hamlets of our English land."

He scornfully admits that "the romance of the Rhine, the vineclad slopes, may produce a certain amount of attractiveness"; but he is an old-fashioned patriot of a refreshing, wholehearted kind. Under the heading of "The Village Church" he distinguishes roughly between the different periods of architecture, and points out some remarkable examples. Then he passes to manors, farms, and rectories. "Cottage Architecture," a survey of old methods and some typical examples, is especially good. He proceeds to details, decoration and interiors; to gardens, inns, shops, mills, crosses and greens, barns and dovecotes, roads and bridges, sundials and weathercocks. The tone is enthusiastic, not to say idyllic throughout, and indeed there is little in this to be wondered at, for the specimens given by the artist are, as a rule, singularly beautiful or curious in their several kinds—perfect thatch, noble fireplaces, quaintest ironwork. As those pictures number some scores, it will be seen that the book well earns its name.

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From "The Charm of the English Village."

Notes on New Books.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

Frequently, and almost of necessity, the churches of our land are the only survivals of their towns' history in stone. They are built to withstand time and change, and they fulfil the design. In cities this is not so entirely the case, of course; there are many more historic buildings to hand on the proofs of earlier days. But even in cities, churches have more chance against the despoiling hands of unworthy citizens, who, when a bank or a warehouse would be convenient where a palace or a mansion stands, tear down the valuable witness, forgetful of their debt to posterity. So it is history—a history in stone—which Mr. T. Francis Bumpus has given us in his most excellent two volumes on **London Churches Ancient and Modern** (6s. net each), and he has written it with a double charm—the charm which he possesses as an antiquary and as an ecclesiologist. It is not merely of the structures of stone and brick he writes, he is evidently in sympathy with the buildings as places of worship as well as interesting architectural achievements. There is scarcely a Londoner to whom Mr. Bumpus's book will not be a revelation of the glories of his city. When we add the fact that this author can tell an anecdote with spirit, and make his very notes humor-

ous, when humour is not out of place, we have hinted that in accurate information and for entertaining reading the volumes are rich.

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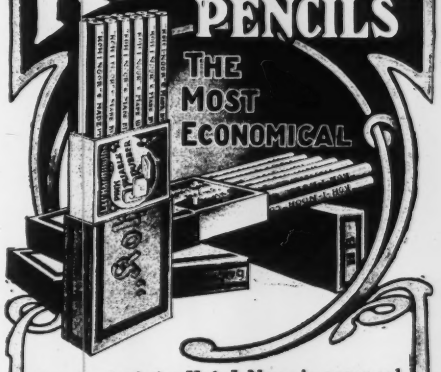

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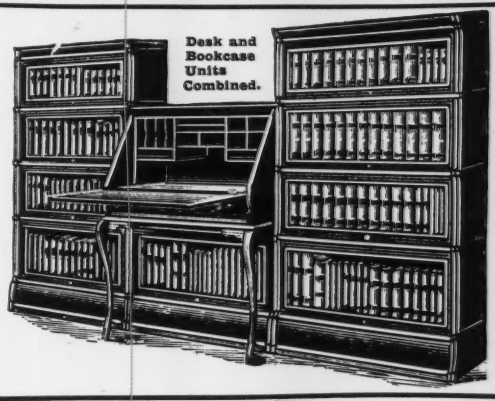

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